

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE WEAPONED MAN.

["The freeman . . . was the 'weaponed man,' who alone bore sword and shield"—*Green's History*.]

When oak woods grew where barley waves  
And bare downs faced the sky,  
Untrodden save by winter wolves,  
Where now great cities lie,  
The fathers of our Saxon folk  
(Sires of our blood and bone)  
Set up their thorpes and homesteads,  
Self-centred and alone.

They were not over-masterful  
Nor braggart in their pride,  
But the freeman's badge was the spear  
in hand  
And the war-sword at his side;  
And when the arrow-splinter came  
To muster great and small,  
The man who stood unarmed that day  
Was weakling, priest, or thrall.

When we waged the War of a Hundred Years  
Or marched to Flodden fray,  
Small need was there for time or toil  
To marshal our array.  
Each yeoman's chimney held its bow,  
Each manor, jack and spear,  
And every churl could handle steel  
To guard his goods and gear.

Now cities gather them goods and gold  
With ships on every sea,  
And the Gulls of Craft wax fat and proud  
And every hind is free;  
And no man bears a weaponed belt  
Save he whose trade is war,  
Yet—weaponless men are thralls at heart  
As it was in the days of yore.

*Cymric ap Einion.*

*The Spectator.*

## THE GIPSY'S SONG.

Beloved, I may not call you back,  
But all the birds are calling you—  
The plovers from the fresh-ploughed track,  
The lark from yonder web of blue.

Oh, heart of mine—I see from here  
Through wide fields filled with slender wheat,  
The little path you trod last year  
Beside me with such weary feet!

The road is sweet with scented may,  
The pale wild roses are in bloom,  
The long track of the western way  
Shows white across the wold's gray gloom.

Though all things strive to prison you,  
And hold you to my heart in vain—  
The fields you may not wander through,  
The silver lances of the rain;

Yet always in my forth-faring  
I gladden that your lamp is lit,  
And that for you earth's prisoning  
Is past with all the pain of it.

*Isabel Clarke.*

*The Outlook.*

## MALAGA.

Out between the sea and city the white dust is flying,  
Down in the dusty garden great roses blow,  
Dust on every tawny hillside where the wind is sighing,  
And deep in every rutty path where the mules and bullocks go.

For the dust of Moor and Roman and of empires older,  
All dead pride and glory of the stormy ancient days,  
Lies along each street and valley, blows from hill and boulder,  
Wraps the sunset city in a dusky golden haze.

Spain that once was famed and splendid, fame all turned to powder,  
Dried and dead her greatness like the brick-burnt hill,  
Where the burning sunsets fade away while winds grow louder  
Under this translucent sky blowing as they will.

*V. Eustace.*

## *The New Situation in Germany.*

### THE NEW SITUATION IN GERMANY.

#### I.

One of the results of the elections for the Reichstag, as regards the question of the defensive power of the country, which has led to the last dissolution, is, shortly speaking, this. Government will be able to count, in matters of reasonable Army and Navy strength, and its colonial policy connected therewith, on a probable majority of forty or so, as against any possible renewed combination between the priestly, Ultramontane party called the "Centre," and the now greatly diminished party of Social Democrats who on principle refuse granting all such supplies. This is one point of the new situation.

The other point is that, during the manifestations of the electioneering campaign, a public spirit, at once patriotic and Liberal, in the sense of claiming greater parliamentary privilege, has shown itself, with which the Imperial Crown will have to reckon henceforth. It is the spirit that marked the years shortly before 1848. Because unsatisfied then by timely concessions, it led finally to sanguinary street battles, when crowned heads were deeply humiliated—so much so that Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia afterwards said: "In those days we all lay flat on our bellies."

When the last Reichstag was dissolved on account of what has been called the "Unholy Alliance" between the Papist party and the Socialists, who would leave the struggling troops in South Africa in the lurch, the Kaiser and the Chancellor evidently hoped that it would be possible to lay a strong breach into the "Tower of the Centre," as that party boastfully calls itself. A noteworthy diminution of the forces of Social Democracy, Government scarcely expected or hoped for.

Matters, however, have practically turned out just the other way. Personally, I may be allowed to mention, I have not been astonished by this issue. To a considerable extent I predicted it in what I had written before. Whilst uttering the parole: "Down with the priestling Centre! and up with the Rights of the People!" I was quite aware of the difficulties standing in the way of overcoming the Centre. At the same time I said that there was the greatest likelihood of the Social Democratic party losing very many seats, if the so-called "Mitläufer" were for once to turn away from it, and if the mass of the laggards, who hitherto have never used their vote, could be made to enter into the fray.

This forecast has proved to be correct. "Mitläufer"—men who merely run for a time with a party without sharing all its doctrines—those are called who at the previous election had gradually swelled the number of the Socialist vote to so vast an extent. At one time the chief Socialist leader himself avowed that the majority of those voters for his party were merely "Mitläufer"; their object mainly was, to make things hot for Government from various motives of political and social dissatisfaction, as well as from a Democratic wish of giving a needed lesson to "personal Government." Among these men, it is well known, there are even a considerable number of minor Government officials who have a grudge against their superiors, or who detest the present system.

The Socialists in Parliament, barring a few personal exceptions, have always refused to Government the means for military and naval armament. They do it, as already mentioned, contin-

ually on principle. Their aspirations are certainly of a Democratic character, and therefore they are naturally opposed to that personal government which prevailed under Bismarck, and which has been continued under the present Kaiser, who, as soon as he came to the throne, wanted to be "his own Bismarck." Now, were there any possibility of replacing Imperial rule by a Republican one, the tactics of the party in Parliament could be understood, if adopted on the eve of a likely final decision. But such a prospect does not exist. For twenty-five years their prominent speakers have often prophesied "a great Kladderadatsch," as a Socialist revolution was called in common parlance. But nothing even distantly approaching to it has ever happened.

There was once a considerable chance of the Prussian House of Commons—before the constitution of the present Empire—coming into revolutionary conflict with the Crown. It was in the early days of Bismarck's and his King's "budgetless" government. The Liberal and Radical middle class, and many men of the working classes, were deeply moved against despotic kingship. But what happened? Lassalle, the professed Socialist leader, entered into underhand intrigues with Bismarck, promising to rouse the masses against the burgher party, so as to get the latter between two fires. The royal army in front, a demagogically misled populace in the rear, of the champions of parliamentary privilege were to play the monarchical game!

I can give here some proofs from personal knowledge. In order to fortify himself with the working class in Germany, Lassalle wrote to Louis Blanc, then an exile in London, in a general Socialistic way, for the object of getting from him a kind of testimonial for sincere doctrinal comradeship.

Knowing well how matters stood, I warned my French friend who had shown me the letter. Meanwhile Lassalle, in a speech, came out with a declaration that the House of Hohenzollern, "as the representative of true popular kingship (*Volks-Königthum*), must, with a firm grip of the hand on the sword, drive the middle class from the stage, with a proclamation of manhood suffrage!"

It is too well known how that Constitutional struggle ended with the triumph of Bismarck and his master who, in 1849, after being victorious in the battles against the popular armies that fought in Rhenish Bavaria and Baden for German freedom and union, had court-martialled a number of his prisoners during a three months' reign of terror. As to Prussian affairs in the 'sixties, universal suffrage was not proclaimed in the least. The Prussian House of Commons remains until today constituted in the same way as before.

Louis Blanc afterwards thanked me heartily for having prevented him from falling into a trap. Later on, Lassalle was shot in a duel. The conflict arose with a Rumanian rival for the hand of a young German lady of aristocratic connection, whom Lassalle wanted to marry in order to give himself a higher social standing, but who had already been very much cooled by his semi-diplomatic behavior. In this affair General Klapka, the heroic defender of Komorn during the Hungarian war of independence, played a part as a friend of Lassalle. Klapka, who was also a friend of mine, later on told me that the Countess Hatzfeld (the well-known protectress of Lassalle) had said to him: "If Lassalle had lived six months longer, he would have entered the service of the Prussian Government!"

Yet Lassalle's portrait still figures at Social Democratic party meetings!

I refer to these facts to show how a



popular party, in an epoch of great crisis, can be misled by a self-seeking character. Social Democrats in Germany might learn something from this authenticated occurrence.

## II.

Perhaps I may be allowed to add here that the very name of Social Democrat, with the addition of Republican, dates by no means from recent times, as is often erroneously assumed, but from 1848. It was used then in France, and in Germany as well. When we were near having our bodies stretched on the sand-heap by court-martial bullets, or our heads severed by the executioner's sword, we did not shrink from using the word. The largest possible social reforms were our confessed aim. Not only the fullest unity and freedom, but also the security of our Fatherland, were dear to us. Many held the same doctrines as are preached now; but the large majority even of these felt that it is useless to try forcing a people into what it regards as an impossible Utopia.

Whatever far-reaching system of social transformation men may aspire to, no one with any experience of human nature can doubt that the masses themselves, in spite of all the sufferings of which they have a right to complain, are not prepared to accept a down-right Communistic organization of society. In their wretched condition they may eagerly listen to a glowing description of a Golden Age; but they will not, when things come to the point, give up a certain degree of individual freedom. The sensible social reformer has to heed that which has become ingrained in human character during thousands of years. He must show that he is willing and able to work for the practical relief of misery, or else he will suddenly be left alone with his most splendid philosophical pro-

grammes of political economy. He must be ready also to take proper care of that first requisite in a nation's life: its security against manifest danger from abroad.

Germany, especially, has good reason not to neglect that latter consideration. She is geographically placed so that she may be attacked from four quarters, on land and on sea. The Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War, and the Napoleonic wars have been a severe lesson to her. They sometimes brought her to the verge of annihilation. Surely it speaks much for the prevalence of a spirit of dissatisfaction with home government that, nevertheless, millions of votes, even if only cast in great part by "Mitläufer," are still cast now in Germany for the Social Democratic party. That should be a lesson to Government.

But there is a point at which a lesson also is given to Social Democracy itself. And this lesson has just now been read to it by the loss of so many seats in a number of important towns, which pre-eminently count in politics when large issues are decided.

It is no use saying that, after all, the aggregate Socialist vote has not been diminished, but slightly even increased. Here it must not be forgotten that, proportionally speaking, that increase, as compared with that of the other parties, is exceedingly small; for it has to be remembered that, owing to the rapid growth of the population, as well as to the participation of millions who until now had not voted at all, there has been a vastly larger number of men who exercised the suffrage in 1907 than there were in 1903.

Socialist writers and speakers themselves acknowledge now that they have lost many of their former "Mitläufer," in whom suddenly a patriotic sentiment was awakened when they saw the Pope's band joining the party with which they had allied themselves. The

chief fact, however, is, that the Socialist loss has occurred in the most influential centres of political movement, and of industry and trade. That counts far more than mere numbers in constituencies of second, third, or fourth-rate importance. The fall from eighty-one seats (as they were originally in 1903), or seventy-nine, as they were afterwards, to forty-three—that is to say, to nearly one half—is a rout impossible to get over.

Nor are men wanting both in the advanced and in the more moderate, or "Revisionist," wing of the Social Democratic party who fully acknowledge the tremendous lesson they have received. The defeated Socialist candidate in the first constituency of Berlin, a highly cultured man of University training and standing, has said since before a meeting of his adherents:—

Though our organization is satisfactory, we have committed heavy faults in our agitation. Since we have become a party of 3,000,000 we have been struck with a mental arrogance which has hindered us from a proper manner of agitation. We paraded our strength in braggart manner, and did not understand how to act upon men of another way of thinking. Before Trades Union colleagues, who were not organized, we acted the swaggering part of the superior, invincible Social Democrat, spurning them instead of trying to gain them over. Such people we should not treat as if they were asses, but rather as somewhat backward younger brothers. Therefore, away with that haughty pride, and let us behave as our comrades did years ago!

In the Revisionist camp of the party, still more significant language is held—as, for instance, in the *Sozialistische Monatshefte* of February. There the old complaints are repeated about the "intolerable suppression of all free discussion at Party Congresses," the "proclamation of dogmas which nobody is allowed to touch, even as is done

in the Catholic Church with its orthodoxy and infallibility." This state of things "leads to an ossification of intellect among the party, and so a sterility of our whole action." Such procedures are compared to the Romanist "tribunals against heretics," and so forth.

More than that. There are Socialists now who acknowledge that, in the interest of the working classes, a good word might be said for a proper colonial policy; that, after all, the people must live; that it is not advisable to offend the national sentiment, or to act in a way which would only be to the profit of foreign capitalism. In saying this, they point to the betterment which has taken place in the lot of the working class. They declare that the "famine parole," which has been given out by the party leaders in this election, is a manifest exaggeration, and that working men who, from experience of their own, can prove that an amelioration has taken place, are becoming shy of other party dogmas which they cannot control, but which now they suspect; feeling, as they do, that they have been imposed upon on the particular subject with which they are best acquainted from their own daily life.

These avowals of self-knowledge have been produced by this signal electoral defeat; but their scope might yet be extended. So long as the chief leader's declaration is repeated: "I am the mortal foe of the whole civic society!" neither advanced social reforms, nor the movement for greater parliamentary rights, will have much better chance. It is by such needlessly threatening and yet powerless utterances that reactionary and despotic tendencies manage to thrive.

### III.

One thing that cannot be omitted by way of explaining the great change

brought about by these elections is this. When it was seen, in Germany, that in the foreign press the Ultramontanes were patted on the back as if they were genuine "Liberal opponents of personal government," whilst the Socialists, with their programme of the nationalization of all means of production, distribution, and communication, were, remarkably enough, compared to "simple English Moderates, or even parliamentary Conservatives," many German readers asked themselves: "What is the meaning of such strange statements? Is it sheer ignorance? Why, that is impossible! If not ignorance, what lurks behind this sudden care for our Clericalists and for a party which the very same foreign papers most bitterly fight against at home, as against Utopian Impossibleists and uprooters of the whole foundation of society?"

Then it was suspected that the object was, to encourage two parties—*"qui hurlent en se trouvant ensemble,"* as the French phrase is—to a common prolonged strife against the powers that be in Germany, so as to throw the country into an interminable strife and utter confusion, and thus to paralyze the nation in general. The German press, I may say, is very well informed, day by day, about foreign affairs and opinions. It is better informed than the English press is from abroad. The effect of the articles in question has, no doubt, been to rally the patriotic sentiment against the "Unholy Alliance."

The idea of describing the Ultramontane, obscurantist, Vaticanist, at heart not patriotic men of the Centre, who mainly go by the counsels and behests of the Pope, as specimens of an Opposition against "Personal Government" is too rich not to evoke laughter. Why, they acknowledge the personal government of a foreign priest claiming theocratic dominion over all kings

and all nations, over Monarchies and Republics, in matters both spiritual and temporal!

When the present High Pontiff was installed by his priestly confederates, it was done in the same audacious words as of old. He was declared to be the Master of all Kings and Princes and nations. There were those who, nevertheless, believed that Pius the Tenth would turn out differently. I foretold in an English magazine at once that this was a hollow hope. Even as of old, there are, besides the White Pope, who bears the Pontifical name, the Black Pope and the Red Pope of the Inquisition and of the Propaganda, and the whole Jesuitry connected with it. It is the Black Pope and the Red Pope who keep the White Pope up to the mark. If ever he did swerve from the line, the fate of Pope Ganganeli is before him.

The fear of being anathematized by this foreign priest and his dependents of a Church which remains *semper eadem*, makes it very difficult to diminish the strength of the "Tower" of the Catholic Centre. A Protestant or free-minded Government can only overcome its influence by a Progressist policy. It is to the discredit of successive Imperial administrations in Germany that they have so long humored this mediævalist party by concessions, in order to get support from it for the personal policy of the head of the Empire. Often enough, however, even as in the Middle Ages, a conflict arose between the two—so much so that Bismarck once spoke the winged word: "To Canossa we shall never go!"

It was a well-known allusion to the fate of Henry the Fourth. In windy weather, in deep snow, he had to do penance, during several days, clad in a shirt, in the courtyard of the castle of Canossa, in Italy, whilst the haughty Bishop of Rome, and—to speak politely—his lady friend, looked down from

the window upon this edifying spectacle of a king's humiliation. In honor of Bismarck's saying, a column was erected in the Harz Mountains, with the words in question as an inscription. But then Bismarck, rather than give up his own autocratic ways towards a refractory Parliament, did "go to Cannossa"! He at last yielded to the Centre, against whose obscurantist dolays the "Kulturkampf" had been initiated, as our friend, Virchow, the great scientist, had called it.

To cap the deplorable issue, the column in the Harz Mountains was one day struck by lightning and split. Thereupon the priestlings of the Centre, always ready with their stock of supernatural miracles, exclaimed that the "finger of God" had done it. A class of the population which remains subject to such religious teaching will always be difficult to wean from religious and political superstition. That is the whole secret of the continued strength of the "Centre" in the Reichstag. It has come back with an increase of two or three seats gained, whereas those of its late Social Democratic ally were so vastly diminished.

It is truly a pity that, in some cases, the Socialist party in various constituencies, for the second ballots, advised its own adherents to vote, by preference, for a partisan of the Ultramontane Centre, rather than for a Liberal! On the contrary, in some other constituencies, the Radical, Progressist, or Democratic parties advised their friends to vote even rather for a Socialist than for a follower of the Vaticanist gang. To see Socialists as "Mitläufer" of that band of monkish obscurantists who yearn for the recall of the Jesuits is, indeed, a sorry spectacle.

#### IV.

As a means of avoiding true parliamentary government, the same pol-

icy of underhand negotiations with the Ultramontanes as had finally been yielded to by Bismarck, was carried on under subsequent Chancellors. Prince Bülow was sadly at fault in this. Things would, nevertheless, not have come to that pass had not that section of Liberals, who are called "National Liberals," in the course of years approached more and more to the reactionary group in Parliament, and had not the more advanced Progressists and Democrats split up into three groups. Amidst such divisions, Court policy and Jesuitical craftiness easily ruled the roost.

However, of late, all over Germany a movement has made itself felt for rising against the unbearable personal interference of the Crown. When matters became worse and worse, men remembered that the National Parliament of 1848-49—but for the previous existence of which the present Reichstag would never have come into life—had claimed and actually exercised supreme power. It did so literally in the name of the "Sovereignty of the People" until it was destroyed by force of arms. There are still not a few men alive who were active in those days of a great upheaval.

It is a noteworthy fact that during the last session of the Reichstag even a foremost leader of the National Liberals denounced "personal government" in remarkably strong terms. He did not shrink from hints at the Emperor's person. This unexpected spectacle showed which way the wind blew. Prince Bülow and William the Second himself, no doubt, understood it as a sign of the times.

It was observed, during the electioneering campaign, that the bearing of the Kaiser towards the municipality of Berlin had latterly changed in a remarkable degree. Formerly, it was stated in the Progressist press, he often showed the City Fathers a frowning.

ungracious face. All at once there was a pleasant show of politeness and condescending good humor. In years gone by, when an inscription was to be placed over the portal of the graveyard where the victims of the street battle of the 18th of March, 1848, who converted a despotic monarchy into a constitutional one, sleep their eternal sleep, William the Second forbade the inscription. Again, when burgomaster Kirschner was elected, the Kaiser, for a long time, refused giving his sanction. When the Town Council of the capital wished to dedicate to him a beautifully sculptured public fountain, made by one of the most distinguished artists, he once more gave the municipality an ungracious snub. Their representative, coming to the palace with a loyal address, was not received, but had to lay that document on a chair!

Then came the change, and it was much appreciated. How easy it is to satisfy a people! And yet monarchs will often drive matters to the breaking point. But the fault, after all, is with the people themselves. They are too easily satisfied, and then monarchs boldly presume upon that trait; great personal power spoiling the character even of the best.

When the dictatorial attitude of the leaders of the Centre had become intolerable for the secular Power, the Emperor, through his Chancellor, came to a sudden resolution. In course of time that Clericalist party had constituted itself as what was called a regular secondary, or collateral, government (*Neben-Regierung*). One of theirs, the very man who is now expected to be its leader in the new Reichstag, had for some time dallied with the Social Democratic movement, attending, it is stated, one of its Congresses at Zürich. It was done in the true Jesuitical style of gaining a footing in opposite quarters. In this way the occupants of the

Ultramontane "Tower" thought they had secured their permanent influence. The sneering manner in which they laughed to scorn every effort at dislodging them from their Fort could, however, not be brooked much longer.

Hence the new Colonial Secretary, Herr Dernburg, a man not trained in the dark and surreptitious ways of such dishonorable policy as the disciples of Loyola are accustomed to, came out in Parliament with strong language against that false party of partisans of a foreign High Priest. No sooner was this done than the Centre made common cause with the out-and-out antagonists of the whole political and social State organization as it exists at present. It did not matter then to these Popellings that they had to join hands with men whose undoubtedly Republican and freethinking aspirations are otherwise looked upon with horror at the Vatican. All through the centuries the Papacy has never scrupled to make use of the most variegated means for sustaining its own hateful theocratic power. Any nation that respects itself is bound to cast it out. That is why all friends of intellectual freedom and of national dignity look with sympathetic approval at what is being done now in France.

#### V.

It must have cost an effort to the Kaiser to appoint as Colonial Director a man of Jewish origin, for cleaning the Augean stable of colonial maladministration in South Africa. Too long, in Prussia at least, Jews have been kept out of superior positions both in the Army and in the Administration. In other German States there is far less of that antiquated, mediævalist policy which is a perfect disgrace of our age. When I look back upon the days of the German Revolution, during which a citizen of Jewish descent acted as Speaker of the Na-



tional Assembly at Frankfurt, and when other notable men of that race, like Johann Jacoby, played a prominent part, it is all the more painful to see what retrogression has taken place in that respect, especially in Prussia, owing to the bigoted course pursued in the highest quarters.

Let us hope that a change for the better has now begun, and that the hopes put in this "new man" will be properly fulfilled. His style of speaking before large audiences has proved an incisive and energetic one, correct in matters of fact, as behoves one who has had a commercial and financial training. True, he has been reproofed even by a Liberal paper, which is otherwise quite on his side, and free from religious or racial prejudice, because it thought it detected a note of undue self-laudation in his repeated saying: "For twenty-five years we have had colonies, but no colonial policy." But Herr Dernburg will, no doubt, soon get rid of such oratorical slips; for, as the Berlin journal rightly says, "speeches are, after all, only assignments for the future," and "the proof of a very necessary reform in colonial affairs, which he is to work out, has yet to be furnished. We must wait to see what he is able to do." All other information is, however, to the effect that Herr Dernburg will be as good as his word.

## VI.

Some details as to the constitutional powers of the Reichstag will here be in their place. I have seen it stated of late, in various English journals, that that Parliament has no right of initiative, that it can only say "yes" or "no" to Government Bills.

This is an absolute error. A great many motions, in the way of Bills, are continually made in the Reichstag by private members. If they are passed,

the Upper House may, or may not, reject them, even as is done in this country by the so-called hereditary wisdom of born legislators. The only difference is, that here they sit in virtue of their own right, whilst in Germany the Upper House, or Federal Council, is composed of the delegates of the various princely governments and of the three Free Republican cities. These latter are the only ones still left from the more than a hundred such free cities once existing in the older Empire, which was an aristocratic commonwealth, with a large number of free towns, and a King, or Kaiser, who had no hereditary right of succession, but was elected for life—on condition of observing the country's constitution.

Perhaps even casual readers in England may remember a case of the initiative of the Reichstag. Ever since that Parliament has existed, it has always unanimously voted for the motion of some deputy who proposed "payment of members." The Upper House, at the beck and call of princely Governments, regularly rejected the measure. Prince Bismarck was afraid that, through payment of members, too many Liberal and Radical opponents of his might come in. Germany is, territorially, a large country, even since she has lost Austria; and there are not many men with independent fortunes who could travel to, and remain at, Berlin for a great part of the year. Hence so often a *quorum* is not to be got in the Reichstag; especially as it is fixed at 199 members, in a House of but 397.

Quite recently, however, the often-demanded reform, for which the Reichstag had taken the initiative, was at last agreed to by the Imperial Government and by the delegates of the Confederated Princes and Free Cities. A dissolution of the Reichstag, I may add, cannot be decreed by the Kaiser



alone. The Federal Council has to give its approbation.

As to the questions of military and naval armament, the Kaiser can neither get a single man nor a ship more than there are at present without the consent of the Reichstag. Repeatedly, proposals of the Imperial Government have been rejected. On other occasions parliamentary assent was only got after laborious negotiations, or after a dissolution, when the country at large sided with Government.

It will thus be seen that the field is free, in some ways, for the new Reichstag, if only the Liberal and Radical groups, which have come back with increased numbers, are true to their professed principles, and worth their salt. In numbers, the National Liberals—somewhat altered in tone for the better through late experience—the Free People's party, the Free Progressist Union, the German People's party, and the German Reform party all show an increased strength.

The Centre remains as it was, with the addition of two, or, according to other accounts, three seats, but with greatly diminished influence. In fact, it is stated that nine of its seats were only obtained by way of a bargain which delivered over twelve other seats to the Social Democrats. But as these latter now dispose only of forty-three seats, which, without the help of the Centre, would to all evidence even have been reduced to thirty-one, it is clear that the Ultramontanes are now deprived of an ally without whom they are henceforth powerless.

Here, that special institution, the second ballot, or "*Stichwahl*," has to be touched upon. In Germany it is not enough that a candidate should have a greater number of votes than any other competitor. He must have a majority over the votes of all other candidates combined. If he has not, a second ballot is to be taken between

the two candidates who are next in number to each other. Then, if several competitors have been in the field, a bargaining usually begins, in which often the most discordant elements have to make an arrangement between themselves.

In this last election the oddest combinations have taken place for the second ballots, in the various parts of the Empire, and within different States. There was no uniformity of action as to coming to a compromise between Conservative and Liberal, or Liberal and Social Democrat, or Centre and any other party, as against some supposed common enemy who was to be ousted from his insufficient majority by a subsequent alliance between otherwise discordant groups, or who wanted to have his insufficient majority increased to an absolute one by the addition of the votes of one of the defeated candidates whose friends finally choose the "lesser evil."

To some extent these necessary, but sometimes rather sordid, transactions are made all the more difficult through the very existence of separate States—with "Home Rule" Legislatures of their own. Political development has, in them, gone so far in a centrifugal sense that the nation has been sadly split up and the public mind too much divided into merely local concerns and issues. Those who praise the alleged excellent "Home Rule" arrangements of the German Empire forget that in reality they are the evil inheritance of our old national misfortunes.

In the older constitution of the Empire there was virtually more unity. The several Dukes, as they were simply called, were mere officials of the Empire, deposable by the central authority—that is, by the elective King, or Kaiser. It was during foreign complications and wars that these Dukes gradually made themselves semi-independent.

After the Thirty Years' War, which ruined the country, they exercised almost sovereign power as *Landesherren*. In consequence of the Napoleonic wars they made themselves downright "sovereigns." Any kind of real unity was then gone; a mere confederation of dynasties—several dozens in point of fact—remaining as a common bond. This state of things, though altered now to some extent, still reacts on the present political situation. It renders the task of an effective plan of campaign against "personal government" in the central authority all the harder. This is a state of things which Englishmen may well consider, when being told that Germany, with her many dynasties and her separate legislatures, is a proper example to follow.

Irrespective of this baneful influence of a so-called "Home Rule" state of things, on the life of the nation at large, I must confess that the huckstering at the second ballots does not strike me as an ideal institution. It generally goes, in Germany, under the name of *Kuh-Handel* (cow-bargain). It often brings out the worst symptoms of intrigue and political immorality. So it has, as above shown, done in the present instance.

I hold it to be by far better to make every voter feel that the struggle must be concentrated on a single issue, and that he and those thinking with him should, from the beginning, do their best to win the day by manly effort. The so-called *Zähl-Kandidaten*—men who are only put forward in order to find out the strength of a party or group—have become a perfect nuisance in Germany. So have the shuffling tricks of those who dabble in the *Kuh-Handel*. They either lead their own contingent as allies into an enemy's camp, from spite against another adversary; or they induce their own men to desist from voting at all at a second ballot, so as to give a chance to an-

other candidate, whom they really detest with all their heart, but whom they wish to use as a means of splitting one still more deeply hated. All this does not make for political honesty.

## VII.

A "block" is now formed, of various groups of Liberals and Conservatives, who, from patriotic motives, can give Government a sufficient majority in matters concerning the defensive strength of the country. This does not mean that the Liberals and Radicals have to be, or ought to be, simply at that Government's order. They must decide each case according to its merits.

In his speeches the Imperial Chancellor evidently wished for a combination of the Conservatives and the Liberals in such cases, but still cast a curious side-glance at the Centre. This was not the right way of strengthening the Progressist efforts. It must, however, be confessed that a Radical Berlin paper forgot, in its criticism, that Prince Bülów, being dependent on the Emperor, who can undo him in a moment, is not able to go beyond a certain line. The Chancellor, nevertheless, gave a hint, in his usual oratorical style, to the Liberals, by saying: "In order to make music, there must be musicians." In other words, he called for a Progressist orchestra, whom he might lead. The Berlin paper referred to answered: "Great composers have never waited for their orchestra. Real statesmen know how to create important movements."

But seeing that an Imperial Chancellor is appointed by the Crown, and that there is no Ministerial responsibility in the Reichstag, Prince Bülów has clearly not a free hand. The nation itself, by its own Progressist spokesmen, must work out its own salvation. *Selbst ist der Mann*!—that well-known good Ger-

man maxim—must be the guiding principle. Ministerial responsibility, extended parliamentary rights, have to be claimed, as the least reforms, whilst looking forward to larger possibilities in the future. If Social Democrats will aid in that work, all the better. It would certainly be better than to fling in the face of the most advanced men, who willingly work also for social Reforms, the charge of their being, together with the Conservatives, "one reactionary mass." Such accusations only make for militarist and bureaucratic reaction.

Another word of necessary admonition. Any attempt from abroad of dictating to the German nation as to its right of looking to its own security on land or at sea, will have a fatal effect. Even in a Liberal London paper it was recently said that the creation of a strong fleet is an "un-German" enterprise. History itself—witness our Hansa—disproves the assertion. I recollect too well how, in days gone by, any proposal of amelioration in English State affairs was always denounced here, by arch-reactionists, as "un-English." That word is scarcely used now any longer.

The French fleet is superior to that of Germany. So was the Russian Navy until lately, and it is now being rebuilt with the money of the French ally of Czardom. Almost all nations of any importance are strengthening their naval armaments. Japan does so. The United States of America are doing the same, though for what purpose, being in no danger of attack, nobody could say. Germany still ranks fifth only in strength at sea; yet she is exposed to manifold dangers, and has to look to the safety of her increasing over-sea trade.

Will any one say that the increase of a navy is un-French, un-Russian, un-American, un-Japanese? If words of that kind were used, the answers would

quickly come in rather unpleasant terms.

Language held by a late Lord of the British Admiralty as to the necessity of "smashing a certain navy in the North Sea before even people knew that there was a declaration of war," has made a deep impression in Germany—not in the way of fear, but of greater readiness for preparing against a possible danger. The revelations of M. Delcassé have added to that feeling. He asserted, uncontradicted, that "100,000 English troops had been promised to him for a landing in Schleswig-Holstein" in a certain eventuality! When it was seen that even in a Social Democratic organ of this country the return to office of M. Delcassé—who had laid a plan of attack against Germany, and who, therefore, was overthrown by the prudent and wise action of Socialist Republican leaders in France—was repeatedly wished for, and that those French Socialists were blamed here by English comrades, the impression in Germany grew still deeper.

I mention all this from a sincere wish of seeing peace and goodwill upheld and promoted between Germany and England as well as between Germany and France. To threaten Germans with the British trident is the best means of furthering the cause of "personal government" among them, and of hampering the efforts of men who want to make an end of that nuisance for the sake of greater freedom. A nation's independence being its first natural concern, there will always be a rapid rally round its defender, whoever he may be. If German freemen are to set out for "riding down" reactionary tendencies at home, they must not be menaced from abroad.

Let this not be forgotten by those who talk so loudly about the desirability of overthrowing Imperial absolutism, and who have even gone to the strange length of describing the adhe-

rents of the Pope's personal government as true defenders of liberty, whilst picturing as "most moderate  
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reformers" a party which in their own country they load with abuse.

*Karl Blind.*

## THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

### CHAPTER I.

"I'll put the kettle on," said William, stepping off the plank that somewhat insecurely bridged the small lagoon of mud beyond the stile, "and —," but he stopped abruptly in the middle of both sentence and progress, his eyes and mouth wide open with astonishment and his right foot slightly in advance of the left. The others, concerned with the passage, did not at first notice anything, but when they, too, had reached firm ground they had leisure to follow their friend's gaze and to share in his emotion. The frown of concentration incidental to lighting a pipe while crossing a narrow plank remained on Talbot's brow, though the match that he had just struck burned away unheeded. The Admiral's hand remained motionless on the crown of the battered straw hat that it had been settling more comfortably on the back of his head, while his face lengthened in pained displeasure.

So they might have stood for some time had not Talbot's match suddenly restored him to activity by burning his fingers. Casting the charred fragment on the ground he stamped on it viciously, and then found his tongue. "Where did he get them?" he asked, raising his eyes again to the object of scrutiny.

"I haven't an idea," returned William endeavoring, as always, to answer the question.

"Consider the illies," said the Admiral, who belonged to a profession that enjoys its opportunities for sarcasm.

To a stranger the scene would hardly

have seemed to call for a display of emotion, nor would he have found it easy to explain why indignation was so rapidly succeeding surprise in the demeanor of the three. The sun had lost something of its fierceness, and had reached that period of its decline when men may truthfully aver that it is cooler than it was. From a pleasant angle it shone upon as fair a picture of meadow, river, and tree as may be found in the Western Midlands. On the right of the three men a steep knoll sloped up almost from the river bank. Elms crowned its summit and a great oak guarded its base. A line of willows separated it from the meadows sleeping in the sunlight beyond, while behind was the little forest of osiers through which they had come. On the left lay the river, deep and sluggish, its further bank lined with old twisted willows which marked its sinuous course away into the distance and the woods, its nearer bank fringed with thick clumps of reeds, in whose bays were white and yellow water-lilies, and with the paler green of sedges. There was no babble of gravelly shallows to disturb the restfulness of the picture. By dint of slow perpetual motion the river had worn out a little bay at the foot of the knoll, almost under the shadow of the oak-tree, and therein was lying a house-boat, misty gray in color and almost luminous in the evening sun. At its stern was a flag-staff from which the Union Jack drooped idly.

But it was on none of these things that the friends had concentrated their attention. They had eyes for nothing

but a man reclining on a canvas chair on the roof of the house-boat, obviously in a position of considerable comfort, possibly of comfort greater than was good for one who had not yet reached the prime of life; but this of itself was hardly enough to explain the ferocity now levelled at him from three pairs of eyes. Nor was there anything noticeable in him otherwise to the casual eye. He wore a suit of dark blue, which was plainly, even in his attitude of repose, of good cut and fit; one leg, crossed over the other, displayed a neat boot of an unostentatious brown,—that sober and gentlemanly brown of good leather carefully tended which is only attained by a man with a real sense of the niceties of dress; a decent inch of shirt-cuff showed modestly beyond his coat-sleeve, giving a hint of the gold links that secured it, and a Panama hat with a broad brim was tilted on his face till it almost touched a tall and very white collar. The disposition of the hat suggested slumber; but set him on his feet, and he might have appeared in the pavilion at Lord's or behind the Ditch on a fine day in July without seeming out of place on the score of apparel. Altogether he seemed a credit to the house-boat which supported him; he gave it an air of social stability, and suggested a blending of the graces of town and the relaxation of the country essentially gratifying to the urbane mind.

However, the men on the bank had presumably lost their urbanity of mind if they had ever possessed such a quality, for they regarded him with unmixed irritation. "I suppose," said Talbot scornfully, "he thinks this is Henley, and himself the cynosure of every eye."

"It can't be that, or he wouldn't be asleep," William objected with great justice. "It's sheer vanity."

"We have been here less than a day," said the Admiral, "and he has returned

to the toga already. If we don't take steps he will no doubt dress for dinner." The Admiral's voice had that ring of decision in it that always brought an expression of studied innocence into the faces of the large unruly boys at the bottom of the Lower Sixth, and he stooped for a convenient piece of stick.

The missile struck the sleeper on the elbow and roused him to rub his eyes, push his hat back, and sit up. "Hullo!" he said, seeing his friends. "Got back? Nearly tea-time isn't it? What's the matter?" he added, as his slowly returning consciousness grasped the fact that they were considering him with disapproval.

"Why, if one may ask, have you put those things on?" asked the Admiral in his magisterial manner.

"You're in the country, you know, on the river,—camping out," explained William, kindly explicit, moved by the evident lack of comprehension in the face of the accused.

"So are we," added Talbot, "and if you think we came down here to wear collars, and look like tailor's dummies generally, you're mistaken."

The terms of the indictment were now clear and Sir Seymour Haddon (commonly known as Charles from a certain propensity to magnificence) regarded as much of himself as he could see complacently. "These things?" he said with a fine air of depreciation. "Oh, well, I had a bathe after you fellows were gone, and I thought I'd try on this new suit; it only came just before I left town, and my man packed it straight away. I think it's a very decent fit." Then he surveyed the others and laughed. "I suppose it is a bit of a contrast," he added; "but you want somebody to look decent."

The urbane mind would very probably have assented heartily to this after even a superficial study of the three. Indeed, a glance at William alone



would have settled the matter. The garments which he wore with the ease of long familiarity consisted of a crick-eting shirt open at the throat, a pair of flannel trousers too short for him, and a flannel coat of a color that was no color but the accidental result of several. Upon his head was a white linen hat, whose brim, innocent of starch, flapped comically over a nose that had already been a little touched by the sun. The others might be described as variants of the same disreputable type, Talbot having a small advantage in an enormous gray felt hat, designed originally perhaps for some German professor, but in our unintellectual climate long since robbed of all shape and style, of everything indeed save color and size.

"You look unmitigated ruffians," pursued Charles frankly. "All right, don't throw," he added in haste as with one consent the others began to stoop.

"Take them off then," said Talbot, in the tone of one who dictates terms.

"I'm going to," conceded the weaker party. "I'm going in again before tea." Therewith he descended the companion-ladder and disappeared within the house-boat.

"Now for the kettle," said William, and they moved on again. A little higher up the bank stood a small white bell-tent, and at its door a long trestle-table was set out with a bench on either side. A rude fire-place built of bricks with an iron grid above it served for the kitchen of the expedition, and William was soon coaxing the still smouldering embers into a flame with bits of dry stick, while the others produced food and crockery from the tent and laid them out on the table.

Talbot paused, with a loaf of bread in one hand and a pot of marmalade in the other, and spoke solemnly. "They ought to be taken away from him."

The others nodded assent, and William putting the kettle on the now crackling fire rose to his feet. "Yes," he said, "it's a distinct breach of the agreement, that every man should only bring his oldest clothes."

"We should have people coming here to look at him," Talbot remarked.

"That's what he wants," said the Admiral unkindly. At this moment a loud splash announced that the object of discussion had "gone in again," and presently his head was apparent in the distance as he swam strongly down stream.

Talbot put down the loaf and the marmalade and walked swiftly to the house-boat, crossed the plank that joined it to the shore, and went inside. Presently he emerged carrying a fat Gladstone bag, with which he returned. "I've got them," he said; "half-a-dozen white linen shirts, if you please, and no end of collars and ties. I've left him his flannels on his locker."

"What are you going to do with the bag?" asked William.

"Hide it," returned Talbot briefly; "I know a place." And without more ado he went off in the direction of the osier-bed, from which they had originally come.

"Got the courage of his convictions," *"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum."* commented the Admiral when he had gone, as he ladled tea lavishly into the pot with a tablespoon.

The kettle had been boiling some time when Talbot returned, and he found the others already at tea. He nodded in answer to their questions and sat down. "No, I shan't say where I've put it," he said; "one of you might let it out by accident. He won't notice it at first probably, because he put the things back into it before he bathed and hid the bag in the kitchen. When he does, he'll be too slack to worry much. It's lucky there are no women anywhere round here." And



with this unchivalrous sentiment Talbot poured himself out some tea.

"Women are not unwelcome in their proper sphere," said the Admiral, as one who concedes a point generously; "but they would be impossible for camping-out. The modern woman wants such a lot of attention, and she would insist on our shaving. That's the worst of a person like Charles, whose instinct it is to shave every day; he encourages the sex in its tyranny." The Admiral (who, by the way, was so called, not from any nautical skill above the common, but because his name was Crichton) felt his chin as he spoke; but it was still beardless. Civilization had only released him early that morning.

Presently Charles approached. He looked somewhat languid after his swim, and even though he was now in flannels struck a note of elegance that was impressive amid these surroundings. "There's a jolly weir about a quarter of a mile down," he said. "I shall have the bottom boards out of the dinghy and toboggan down it."

"Did you see Majendie?" asked William.

Charles shook his head. "He took the boat through the lock," he replied, "and he hadn't come back, while I was in the water." He ate some bread and butter meditatively. "Isn't there a place called Handcote somewhere near here?" he asked after a pause.

"Yes," said William who knew the district. "Why?"

"I know some people who live there," Charles explained, "people called Grove. There are two nice girls. I must go over and call, and we could have them out to tea."

The others exchanged a glance, and Talbot expressed the common thought, with sarcastic emphasis. "My dear Charles, we have not come down here to mix in the world of fashion and beauty. You can go and call if you

want to, though I should have thought that in your crowded life you would have enjoyed a fortnight of freedom. But we are not going to entertain young ladies here, are we, Admiral?"

"Certainly not," said the person addressed, with decision.

"Oh well," conceded Charles, "it doesn't matter. I don't know them very well. Here's Majendie," he added as the noise of oars reached them.

The approaching dinghy soon touched the bank, and the man in it jumped out and fastened the painter to a stake. Then he hurried towards them. "Tea? Excellent," he said briskly, "just what I was longing for. The chub are beginning to rise in the mill-pool," he added turning to Talbot, who nodded.

"I'll have a go for them after tea," he replied. "Have you been far?"

"About a mile below the lock," said Majendie, "and a bit of the way up the back-water. There are some more people camping out there," he announced as he stirred the sugar in his tea.

"House-boat?" asked William.

"No, tents, three I think; I didn't go very close. They're well up the back-water on that little promontory below the weir-pool."

"Did you see any of the men?" asked the Admiral.

Majendie adjusted his eyeglasses. "No," he said slowly, "I didn't see any of the men, but I fancy I saw some parasols."

"Saw what?" said Talbot in rather a startled tone, and the others echoed the question.

"Parasols," repeated Majendie, not ill-pleased with the sensation he had created; "two of them, a red one and a blue one; but it doesn't follow they belonged to the tents."

Talbot shook his head gloomily. "Sure to," he said. "Where else could they come from? It's miles from the

nearest habitable place, isn't it, William?"

"Miles," agreed that gentleman. "There's only the farm, and I doubt if there's such a thing as a parasol there; the vicar's a bachelor. They might have come up in a boat, except that boats never get as high as this if they've got women on board."

"Damn," observed Talbot from the middle of his train of thought.

Charles who had been listening with a kindling eye made no attempt to disguise his satisfaction. "Quite a god-send," he remarked. "We must get to know them and have them to tea."

"Whom? The parasols?" asked the Admiral.

"Only a pretty girl would camp out with a parasol," pursued Charles ignoring him. Then a thought struck him and his eye involuntarily wandered towards the house-boat. It was a fortunate circumstance that he had brought that suit of clothes.

"They'll be an infernal nuisance," grumbled Talbot. "How can men be expected to camp out in comfort where there are a lot of women always about?"

"They're a good distance off, that's one comfort," said William.

"And on the further bank of the back-water," Majendie put in, "so we've got two streams between us and them."

"What's a mere river to a wilful woman?" asked Talbot indignantly.

"Under the fountains and over the waves," quoted the Admiral. "But, seriously, as Talbot says, it will be a real inconvenience if they come wandering about much. It is not what we had a right to expect. What did you say it was the quietest bit of river in England for?" He looked accusingly at William.

"So it used to be," was the answer. "This is the fourth time I've been here,

and I've hardly seen a soul before except the rustics."

"Pity it's got so populous in the interval," said Talbot, whose temper was evidently seriously tried by the news.

"I'll tell you what we could do," suggested Majendie, "if they make themselves too obnoxious; we could move our quarters. I found a creek a mile down stream which would do very well."

"There's a better one still, about two miles up," said William after a little thought. "The river divides in two there, and it's right in the woods."

Charles felt it his duty to comment on this proposal. "That's all very well," he said persuasively, "but where are you going to get your provisions from? Butter and milk don't grow in the woods, and here we've got them at our very door, so to speak, to say nothing of drinking-water. You don't want to walk a mile and a half carrying buckets every morning."

"A lot of water *you* drink," said Talbot with ferocity.

"I always take water with my whiskey," returned Charles with mild dignity.

"There's a good deal in what Charles says," admitted William. "At any rate I think we had better see what happens. Things may not be so bad after all, and we don't know for certain yet that the parasols do belong to the tents." The others, inclined to ease after a hard day, agreed that hasty action would be unwise, and Charles, now that his tongue had done its work, again fixed his eyes complacently on the house-boat.

Talbot caught the look and in a measure it helped to restore him to good humor. It was a fortunate circumstance that Charles no longer had his suit of clothes. Then he rose. "Any of you fellows want the boat?" he asked, and the others shook their heads. "Let's go and put a fly over

the mill-pool, then," he said to Majendie. "I want to get one of those big chub, if the petticoats haven't frightened them all away." And the two were soon pulling down stream towards the lock.

"Let's go for a stroll, Admiral," said Charles innocently.

"Which way?" asked the Admiral.

Charles's gesture included the half of the compass in which lay the back-water, but he said, "Oh, I don't mind; any way you like."

"I'll wash up," said William, "and then I'll have a bathe." And so this most ungallant scene ended.

(To be continued.)

Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE LONGFELLOW CENTENARY.

The Longfellow centenary, celebrated in the United States February the 27th, is a notable event from more points of view than a merely literary one. As a direct literary influence Longfellow has practically ceased to exist at the present time—that is to say, he does not influence the men who write for writers. Modern journalists, of course, have no time to read anything but ephemeral literature: they are beginning to discover a better trick than the study of Addison. Still, the bare idea of Mr. Chesterton, for example, settling down at his fireside to read "The Village Blacksmith" or "The Reaper and the Angel" is a little funnier, perhaps, than the supposition that he has really read the Brontës, in whom he so glibly discovers precisely the same "abysm" (colored red or blue to taste) as he finds in Dickens, Charles the Second, Max Beerbohm, "Paradise Regained," Mr. George Shaw (we absolutely refuse to call him Bernard), Little Tich, and the Fathers of the Church. Of course, he is quite right. Our point is, that it must save him and his like a good deal of unnecessary delving into Thomas Aquinas and Longfellow. To know Little Tich is to know all, from Homer—nay, from the Megatherium—onwards. Yet the name of Longfellow is one to be shunned in print by a modern critic who values his reputation. The abysses—to use an unusual collocation of words—in the case of Long-

fellow will hardly suggest the requisite *alibi*. Hardly is it possible for the most epigrammatic of moderns to approach his name, even through the most careful series of paradoxes. To the merely aesthetic critic it is impossible. On almost any page of an Arthur Paul Pater or a William Butler Maeterlinck Moore the mere name of Longfellow would be worse than a loud and prolonged fit of sneezing by a very shy man's wife at a very solemn moment in a very silent and crowded church. Yet cowards die many times before their deaths; and, assuredly, Longfellow is very like Death. No one can escape him. You may read some decadent little volume and sally forth to taste Life at a London music-hall; but it is quite on the cards that the old mole will "work i' the earth so fast" as to greet you from the stage. Some low comedian in enormous pantaloons will advance displaying his biceps and announcing, amid roars of laughter from the congregated "aesthetes and London nighters," that "under a spreading chestnut-tree the village smithy stands." Nor does the fact that Longfellow is the standing butt for the cheaper sort of parody mean that he is ceasing to be taken seriously. "Excelsior" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus" are recited to-day by "beautiful pink children" in thousands of school-rooms. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" is delivered at hundreds of penny

readings. Illuminated by music, "Hiawatha" and "The Golden Legend" attract enormous audiences at the Albert Hall, whence the sorrows of Elsie and Minnehaha are sent abroad anew into thousands of homes. Moreover, Longfellow more than holds his own with any drawing-room song-writer of the day, and his work is on a very much higher level than that of the troubadour who inspired maidens and matrons with a wild desire for antennae and six legs—we mean the famous author of "I'd be a butterfly!" Longfellow is the real origin and inspiration of the sentimental and often very pretty verses about scythes, arrows, and angels (considered in relation to snow, flowers, rain, clouds, and silver linings) which are to be found in the "cosy corners" of newspapers, parish magazines, home journals, girls' gazettes, and even some quite superior periodicals at the present day. He is the first and only authority on the exact connection between the footprints of Time and the sands of the hour-glass; and he alone knows the real necessity for always fighting bravely "in the bivouac of life" without even that previous application to the canteen which one would suppose to be the cause of so heroic a demonstration. He has introduced Heine to the burly bosom of the British matron, who now knows all about the sea and its pearls. He has guided the feet of the million into the Inferno of Dante, and prepared them not only for appreciating the illustrations of Gustave Doré, but also for relishing the hells of the Adelphi. He is represented in an enormously large proportion of self-respecting poetic almanacs, birthday books, Yuletide cards, funeral mementos, tombstones, and Christmas crackers. Charles Baudelaire—that supreme artist in words who seems to unite the gloomiest powers of John Ford with the gorgeous coloring of Keats in his odes and the

profundity and breadth of Wordsworth in his greatest sonnets—has plagiarized from Longfellow's most famous lyric, and, in order to make a complete poem of it, has coupled his booty with another little appropriation from Gray. Mr. Kipling has used him with great effect in some of his finest work; and, in spite of this unique record, it is as much as an English critic's reputation is worth to mention his name except as a cat-call! For Longfellow—alas!—has been branded with the word which, above all others, during the last twenty years has been "defamed by every charlatan, and soiled with all ignoble use"—the grand old name of Philistine. Still, he was born a hundred years ago, and his hold on the public to-day is greater than ever. Let us briefly examine his case. He is not, of course, a great poet, nor to be compared for a moment with Wordsworth, Tennyson, or Swinburne. Yet the gulf between him and those great names is insignificant in comparison with the abyss between him and the latter-day English decadents, from whose "Celtic" or "Symbolistic" contempt hardly the greatest names of the nineteenth century have been safe. Longfellow was not, perhaps, a great man; he was only a noble-hearted man, and a sincere man. He was not a master of technique in poetry. He is usually too easily satisfied with a rough sketch of what he wanted to say. He is often, consequently, mixed in his metaphors, and crude in diction. He never wrote one of those great inevitable lines, like Shakespeare's—

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
or like Wordsworth's marvellous lines  
on the skylark—

Leave to the nightingale her shady  
wood,—  
*A privacy of glorious light is thine.*

But, then, have our modern decaden-

dents written any lines like these? One thing Longfellow had in common with the great poets—sincerity; and we do not mean merely that his intentions were good, or that his "magic mirror" was nothing but his own manifest heart. His literary workmanship was sincere. Even his worst poems are written along the lines of the true development of English literature. It was possible for "The Tales of a Wayside Inn," or for "The Golden Legend," to be better written and to be great. It is impossible for some of the little poetic palpitations of the latter-day disciples of Verlaine or for the fluttering little fancies of Celtery to be better written, despite all their cunning and furtive avoidance in eccentricity of the real difficulties of verse; and it is also impossible that anything great should ever be produced in that line of work. Longfellow had none of those artificial conventions which, by supplying one with an extra vocabulary, a ready-made "strangeness," and a reach-me-down "renascence of wonder," make it so easy to hide deficiencies in technical mastery, and to produce a kind of smoky flashlight lyric, where a great poet, like Wordsworth, working in calm and splendid obedience to those laws of art "whose service is perfect freedom," would have revealed that Power

Whose dwelling is the light of setting  
suns,

—that Power which is itself

The Light that never was on sea or  
land,

The consecration, and the poet's dream.

The writing of most of our decadents is what Rossetti called "intellectually incestuous,"—poetry seeking to beget its own offspring on itself. It is a much easier matter, for instance, to write about "passionate white women"

than to create a Cleopatra, or to reveal the beauty and passion incarnate, clothed, as it were, with the soft flesh and tender color of the verse. It is a very easy matter indeed, in comparison with the writing even of a "Psalm of Life," to write a poem like this:—

Oh, passionate woman, I hear  
The drip of the rain!  
Your ivory body is bare!  
Loosen your dream-heavy hair!  
Oh, passionate woman, I hear  
The drip of the rain!

That is, of course, extempore; but it is to be hoped that the reader will note the "minute ecstasy of rhythm" and subtle shifting of the accent in the fourth line; for a Celt, in editing Spenser, has recently declared it is in these little matters that the great poets of the past are so deficient. Inasmuch, too, as we followed his advice and wrote that lyric offhand "in contemplative indolence, playing with fragile things," we feel it is quite as good as most of the decadent poems that are thought worthy of occupying each a page with enormous margins at the present day; and in twenty-four hours one could write, say, twenty-four feverish little volumes of such fancies, all of which would be commended by certain sections of the press. With a week's thought—we are allowing in charity the very utmost limit—half a dozen decadent books on a more elaborate scale could be produced: such books as would be greeted with would-be-morbid ecstasy by certain would-be-artistic, long-haired, anti-Phyllistian Bohemians or Bulgarians, with five smatterings of fifteen arts and a furtive heart-hankering after the mouth of Jenny Gioconda, Velvet Coats, and the Cities of the Plain. But it would be a very different matter to face the real difficulties of craftsmanship in verse as Longfellow faced them even when he failed. It would be a very

different matter to produce even half a dozen stanzas like the following, mediocre though it be:—

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and  
brave,  
Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave.

Ferdinand Brunetière once remarked that all kinds of preciosity are really forms of burlesque: they aim at surprising the reader by a false novelty. It is much easier, for instance, to write a hundred thousand lines of an epic in Esperanto after this fashion—

Strange perfume nittles hath beneath  
big lune,  
When meandereth beetles 'tween their  
twisty stalks;

—much easier than to write one little poem like Longfellow's admirable "Fire of Drift-Wood." Burlesque and paradox, they have their day. But well may we call, after hearing such strains, to the lovelier Muse in that immortal cry of Shakespeare which itself out-sings and annuls all the strange sounds emitted from the "screaming wry-neck"—

O mistress mine, where are you roam-  
ing?

However lowly a worshipper he may have been, it was on the altar of this Muse that Longfellow strove to lay what he simply and sincerely felt. It was, therefore, as we said above, at least possible for him to do great and worthy things; and so it happened that, though he never achieved the greatest, he more than once did write a poem which outweighs all the productions of those latterday symbolist, Celtic, and sham archaic schools which, nevertheless, have the impertinence to treat him with their ineffable contempt,—a contempt which, with the word

"Philistine" for their chief weapon, they are ludicrously endeavoring to display towards Tennyson's boots (the only part of him that is on a level with their eyes),—a contempt which soon, in their ignorance of literary history and despicable subjection to every little ebb and flow, every little action and reaction, they will be endeavoring to extend to Swinburne.

Perhaps the best product of the Celtic school is a little lyric called "Innisfree." It is a jingle whose triviality is only hidden by its artificial and meretricious atmosphere. Metrically it is that old enemy of English verse, that old degenerate Alexandrine with the extra syllable, the well-known Elizabethan doggerel form. This is the penultimate line of the lyric under our notice:—

When I stand in the roadway, or on  
the pavements gray.

We venture to say that in his lyrics Longfellow never wrote so bad a line as that, with its assonances on the *a* sound all through, its semi-rhyme at the *cæsura*, its final inversion, and its loose metrical carpet-slippers.

Fl du rythme commode,  
Comme un soulier trop grand,  
Du mode  
Que tout pied quitte et prend!

Now Longfellow, as we said above, had no meretricious atmosphere to hide his failings; he had no artificial conventions to supply him with a double vocabulary. To put our meaning very crudely and in algebraic symbols, as it were, if he had required a rhyme for "green" he might have been obliged to use a somewhat Philistine or eighteenth-century "scene." (Considerations of literary history beneath the notice of the diseased critics come in again here.) But a Celt in search



of that rhyme might have taken a pod from one of the "Innisfree" "bean-rows." Yet, in spite of this disadvantage, if we are still to cry—

L'œuvre sort plus belle  
D'une forme au travail  
Rebelle,  
Vers, marbre, onyx, émail . . .  
Lutte avec le carrare,  
Avec le paros dur  
Et rare,  
Gardiens du contour pur,

—if we are still to accept that as anything like a working theory, what poem of all the decadents of all kinds in England can be compared for one moment—not only in sincerity of feeling but also in pure workmanship and faultless finish—with Longfellow's "Hymn to the Night"? Here, indeed, is classical precision, power, beauty, and something very like what Arnold called the "grand style":—

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe  
this prayer!  
Descend in broad-winged flight,  
The welcome, thrice-prayed-for, the  
most fair,  
The best-belovèd Night.

In another kind of verse Longfellow was always on the verge of a supreme success which—perhaps because his ear was defective, and in spite of himself something always "remained undone"—he never quite attained. Yet for perfect simplicity—not the scholar's, but the child's,—for tender truth of absolutely unaffected feeling, for beauty and enchantment of the kind that only a true poet can summon up from the rich wells of memory rather than attempt to forge them by trick or artifice, is there anything very much better or more genuine in the language than that exquisite poem, "My Lost Youth"? It could only have been written by a man who loved Nature intensely, whose whole soul had been suffused

with the sunsets of that beautiful old town where his youth was passed—who was saturated, as it were, with the color and glow of its "far-surrounding seas," and was really haunted, as he wrote, by the verse of the Lapland song—

A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts.

Even in technique, the unrhymed line at the end of each stanza, at the time when Longfellow wrote, suggested new metrical possibilities in English verse; and indeed it is full of suggestion even at the present day. But the sweetness and truth of the poem can scarcely be praised too highly. Nothing is here exaggerated, wrenched, or over-stated. It is an absolutely true and yet ideal impression of the past. The remembered town is no more than "dear" and "old" and "beautiful"; the streets are merely "pleasant"; and yet what a glamor there is thrown over it all by the sheer beauty of a simple and heartfelt love!—

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.

And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the  
slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the  
ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward  
song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long,  
long thoughts."

Poetry of that kind disinclines one

from attacking even one's brother-decadents—only they must not scoff at Longfellow. He was born a hundred years ago, and when his bicentenary comes his work will still be vital.

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Who knows but that when time has mellowed his language he may occupy a throne, some way below Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Swinburne, on Parnassus itself.

### HIGHER CRITICISM AND THE KORAN.

In the discussion of the late Education Bill there is a point which appears to have escaped notice, but which, had the Bill become law, would have proved to be a matter of the first importance, and have given rise to more serious controversy and to more permanent and deep-seated differences than have yet occurred. No one now attempts to deny that the Bible—both the Old Testament and the New—is full of what appear to us Westerners to be inconsistencies and contradictions. One has only to mention the employment of the variant names for the Supreme Being—God, Jehovah, Jehovah-God—in Genesis and the following books, the discrepancies in the numbers given in the books of Chronicles and those given in the earlier narratives of Samuel and Kings, or the different accounts of the Resurrection of our Lord offered by St. Paul, by the Synoptists and by St. John, to start a stone rolling which it would be difficult to stop. Even with the most literal and simple Bible teaching such points as these are sure to give rise to questions on the part of intelligent scholars, and to demand some solution from the teacher. Hence a problem at once arises, How are these difficulties to be faced? Is the teacher to be left entirely to his own guidance, or is he to have the help of instructions from headquarters? However the case be met, it is obvious that the problem is one which will have to be solved either by each individual teacher for himself and his class, or

by the Department for the country as a whole.

To the teacher who finds himself face to face with these apparent contradictions and inconsistencies, only three courses are open. In the first place, he may limit himself to merely stating the difficulty to his scholars—for example, that the apparition of God to Jacob at Bethel is said in one place (Gen. xxviii. 10-22) to have occurred when Jacob was on his way to Mesopotamia, in another (Gen. xxxv. 9-15) on his return—without attempting any solution. In the second place, he may deem it to be his duty in every instance to explain away the apparent discrepancy, as, indeed, may in many cases be done easily enough. But, thirdly—and this course would no doubt be followed by a large majority of thinking and reading men—he may accept *in toto* the conclusions of modern literary criticism as applied to the Bible as the only clue by which the mazes of that labyrinth become intelligible to the Western mind—the master-key by which alone its secret chambers can be unlocked. So universal has been the acceptance of this criticism amongst Bible, especially Old Testament, scholars, and so complete the surrender to it, that its hypotheses are now regarded as demonstrated theories, and as being so firmly established that they may safely be introduced into text-books intended for the religious instruction of the young, and may even be taught in Sunday schools.

In such circumstances it is obviously

of the first importance that the truth and validity of these doctrines should if possible be made a mathematical certainty, or, at any rate, that the foundations upon which they rest should be made as broad and as sure as can be. It must be admitted that all has not been done in this direction which might have been done. Indeed, the basis upon which the building stands is no broader than the superstructure itself. The present theories as to the composition and authorship of the books of the Bible may have been demonstrated beyond dispute, but they have been demonstrated out of these very books themselves. Any parallel instances which may have been brought forward in support of the critical analysis have been drawn from the literatures of Greece or Rome or of modern Europe. What one misses, and what one would very much like to see, is an attempt to apply those principles of literary criticism, to which the books of the Bible have been subjected, to some other *Semitic* book as to the authorship and composition of which there is no room for two opinions. In the latter case we should know definitely whether the results of the critical process were true or false, and we could infer the correctness or otherwise of the same method when applied to books, like those of the Bible, as to the origin and authorship of which we have no independent and reliable information.

The question is a very large one and a full discussion of it would run into volumes. Here it is not possible to do more than examine the critical position from one side only, by selecting a particular book of the Bible and stating briefly the results which have been arrived at in regard to its composition and authenticity, and, finally, comparing this book with some other *Semitic* work exhibiting the same phenomena.

of which the origin and authorship are known, and so determine whether the conclusions drawn in the former case were legitimate and valid or not.

The element of the new Biblical criticism which may be most conveniently examined and tested in the way proposed is the analysis of the historical books of the Old Testament, of which the results are remarkably well defined and have won universal acceptance; and the portion which lends itself in an especial degree to the analytical process is found in the Books of Samuel.

It is almost a truism of criticism that the earlier books of the Old Testament have been pieced together from ancient narrative, hortatory and legal documents. Two historical works especially are believed to twine round one another from Genesis to Judges, or even to the Books of Samuel. As each of these covered the same ground, beginning, like most *Semitic*, especially Arab, histories, at the Creation and coming down to the author's own day, duplicate accounts are often given in these books of one and the same event. Thus, if we take the Books of Samuel, we find (1) that Eli is twice warned of the impending ruin of his house, first by an unnamed "man of God" (II. 27 ff.), and afterwards through Samuel (III. 18). (2) Three motives are given for the change in the form of government from a republic to a monarchy—the misrule of Samuel's sons (VIII. 5), the Philistine oppression (IX. 16), and an incursion of the Ammonites (XII. 12). (3) There are two accounts of the election of the first monarch (In X. 1-16, where he is anointed by Samuel, and in X. 17-27, where he is chosen by lot) and (4) of his deposition (In XIII. 7-15, for sacrificing at Gilgal before the arrival of Samuel; in chapter XV., for sparing the Amalekite king); (5) of David's in-

introduction to Saul (in chapter xvi., as a minstrel, who becomes Saul's armor-bearer; in xvii., through his defeat of Goliath in single combat, although too little to bear arms); (6) of his betrothal to a daughter of Saul (in xviii. 17-19, to Merab, as the promised reward of the death of Goliath; in xviii. 20-23, to Michal); (7) of his flight from court (in xix. 18-24, to Ramah; in xxi. to Ahimelech at Nob); (8) of the origin of the proverb, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" (x. 11; xix. 24); (9) of David sparing the king's life (in xxiv., at En-gedi; in xxvi., in the waste land of Ziph); (10) of his stay with Achish of Gath (xxi. 11-16, when he feigned madness and did not remain; and again in chapter xxvii., when he served under Achish and remained a year and four months); and, lastly, (11) of the death of Saul (in 1 Sam. xxxi., by his own hand; and in 2 Sam. i., by the hand of an Amalekite).

This is indeed a formidable list, and, if cumulative evidence count for anything, the duplication of narratives in the Books of Samuel may be taken as proved. If, however, we go through the indictment count by count, we may find that it can be considerably reduced. In the first place one of the duplicate narratives in items five and six is wanting in the Greek text. In the first count (the warning of Eli) the latter of the two narratives explicitly refers back to the former (iii. 12). The double account of David's simultaneous flight to Ramah and to Nob has only arisen because the critics have struck out verse 1 of chapter xx., in which we are told that he continued his flight from Ramah to Nob. In the last count of the bill, the second narrative of the death of Saul is, of course, that of the Amalekite, and the whole point of the story lies in the fact that the Amalekite is lying, and reaps the just reward of

his knavery (2 Sam. iv. 10). The critics, however, maintain that the narrator in that case should have pointed that out to the reader. But, if this is unnecessary for the average English child, it would have been doubly superfluous for an Oriental reader. Again, in chapters xxiv. and xxvi. there are only six expressions common to both—namely, that Saul went "with the three thousand picked men of Israel to look for David," that he stopped "by the way," that David was told that God had given "his enemy that day into his hand," that his reply was "God forbid that I should stretch forth my hand against the Lord's anointed," that Saul said, "Is this thy voice, my son David?" and that David asked Saul why he "chased one flea." In all other respects the two narratives are wide asunder, and the one ground for seeking to identify them is that in each David spares the king's life. Even in the apparently divergent accounts of the institution of the monarchy the reconciling point may be the wise diplomacy of Samuel in obtaining the election of the very man whom he had himself already anointed as king.

By way of general observation it is hardly necessary to mention that the Hebrew language suffers from poverty of vocabulary, and that it is impossible to describe similar events in it without employing identical expressions, and so great is the Hebrew's love of assonance that this is accounted the reverse of a blemish. Moreover, the style of the classical Hebrew historian has all the simplicity and *naïveté* of that of the professional story-teller in the markets of Cairo or Damascus. His every second sentence begins with "so," and is a repetition of the last but one. "So the Philistines took the ark of God, and brought it from Ebenezer to Ashdod. So the Philistines took the ark of God,

and brought it into the house of Dagon" (1 Sam. v. 1, 2).<sup>1</sup>

Enough has perhaps been said to show that the duplication of narratives in the Books of Samuel is at least—to use the Scots term—"not proven," and that, in Sir Roger de Coverley's classic phrase, much may still be said on both sides of the question. Yet, after all, it must be confessed that the "two source theory" appeals strongly to the logically constituted and scientifically trained Western mind by the drastic fashion in which it cuts those knots which the learning and ingenuity of generations have been expended in attempting to untie. The difficulties, inconsistencies and contradictions in the Old Testament are so numerous and so hard to account for on any other hypothesis that this theory has proved a veritable harbor of refuge to the exegete. It has become the most valuable weapon in his armory, and the most indispensable of his tools.

In order, however, that he may use this Damascus blade with least danger to himself, it behooves him to observe the manner of its operation in other Semitic literatures besides that of the Hebrews; and in looking about for illustrations of Biblical phenomena we turn naturally to Arabic, and, first of all, to the Korán.

In the Korán we find all the literary phenomena which meet us in the Old and New Testaments. It abounds with repetitions and duplicate narratives and laws, with anachronisms and inconsistencies. As a persecuted prophet, Muhammad loved to dwell on the ill usage and rejection of earlier apostles by the peoples to whom they were sent. In their afflictions he saw a reflection of his own sufferings at the hands of his unbelieving fellow-

townsmen. "They do not say to thee ought else than was said to the apostles before thee." "If they have made thee a liar, apostles before thee have been called liars." "The apostles before thee were laughed to scorn." The stories of these apostles and prophets are told over and over again. Hence we find in the Korán duplicate accounts of Abraham, of Húd the apostle of the tribe of Ad, and of Jesus, and the rest. But of all others the prophet whose case Muhammad felt most nearly resembled his own was Moses—"he who talked familiarly with God." The result is that the story of Moses is reiterated, with more or less detail, some thirteen times in the Korán. These narratives do not all cover identical ground, some enlarge upon one period of Moses' life, others upon another. If we combine them so as to form one continuous narrative, we obtain in outline the familiar story of the Book of Exodus.

Pharaoh, with his vezír Haman, tyrannizes over the Israelites, killing their male children. God befriends the oppressed. Moses is committed to the Nile in an ark of bulrushes and found by the daughter of Pharaoh, who begs for him as he will "cool the eyes" of her father and herself. He refuses to suck the breasts of the Egyptian women, and his sister, offering to find a Hebrew nurse, brings their own mother. One day when grown up he finds an Egyptian misusing an Israelite and kills him. The next day the same Israelite is quarrelling again. Moses rebukes him and receives the retort, "Wilt thou kill me as thou tookest a life yesterday?" At the same moment Moses is warned that the magistrates are about to arrest him, and he flees and takes refuge in Midian. There he assists two women to water their sheep. Their father offers one to Moses as wife in return for eight or ten years' service.

<sup>1</sup> Wellhausen appears to have been tempted to strike out one of these clauses, "aber das ist die Art hebräischer Erzählung," he adds.



At the end of that period Moses departs with his wife. He sees the burning bush in the valley of Towa. There he is taught the two signs, and bidden go to Pharaoh. He replies that he is afraid, and that he is not eloquent, but is reminded of his wonderful preservation in infancy, and is given Aaron as spokesman. He appears before Pharaoh and performs the two signs. Then follow the plagues, the crossing of the Red Sea and the destruction of the Egyptians. In token of the ratification of the covenant at Sinai the mountain is lifted up. During the absence of Moses the people, at the instigation of As-Sâmîrî, and with the connivance of Aaron, worship a calf of gold. Moses in his anger breaks the tablets of laws which he had received, and, seizing Aaron by the beard, upbraids him fiercely. Next we have the miraculous feeding of the people with manna and quails and water from rocks, and the institution of the sacrifice of the red heifer. The people fear to invade Canaan, and are forbidden the country for forty years. Moses sets out to find a person generally called Al-Khidr, and identified with Elijah.

If we now proceed to disintegrate this compilation and to distribute its elements among the several components of which it is made up, we find that Haman (along with Karun or Korah) appears in two only of the original sources—in Chapters 28 and 40—the slaughter of the Israelite children in five. The scene of the burning bush is named the Valley of Towa in two (20 and 79). The central event in all the narratives is the destruction of the Egyptians in the Red Sea for rejecting the preaching of Moses; but even this is not always explicitly mentioned. In Chapter 40 a Courtier of Pharaoh takes Moses' part. Chapter 7 speaks of six plagues, Chapter 17 of nine signs, whilst other chapters do not refer to

the plagues at all. In Chapter 2 the feeding with manna and quails is subsequent to the worship of the golden calf; in 20 the reverse is the case. The lifting up of Mount Sinai is mentioned in Chapters 2 and 4. As-Sâmîrî (the Samaritan) appears in Chapter 20 only. In some of the narratives Moses alone is the hero (*e.g.*, 32); in others Moses and Aaron together (21). In one chapter the story of Moses will precede that of Abraham; in another the chronological order will be followed. The curious *midrash* of Moses and Al-Khidr occurs only once, in Chapter 18. Chapter 5 merely mentions the refusal of the people to enter Canaan, and their suggestion that Moses should go by himself, with its result.

A study, even the most cursory, of the Korân shows clearly that to the Semite there was nothing incongruous in repeating the same narrative or discourse over and over again in the same volume, any more than in repeating the same bars in the same piece of music. We are apt to forget that we have the musical element to reckon with both in the Korân and in the Old Testament (*Cf.* especially Korân 55; Is. ix. and x.; Ezek. xxxii., etc.). But, leaving the poetry out of account, and taking the Korân and the Old Testament as mere prose compositions, we can learn a good deal from a comparison of the two.

In the first place, not only does the author of the Korân repeat himself, but he does so without any glaring inconsistency. In all the narratives of Moses the phraseology may vary, but the matter or sense, when two or more narratives coincide, is the same. The Semite, therefore, is quite as incapable of logical inconsistency as the European. Neither an author nor an editor would have allowed two inconsistent accounts of the same event to be set down side by side. To account for the apparent



inconsistencies of the Old Testament, therefore, by a difference of authorship is no explanation at all, because we still require to know how these inconsistencies came to be passed by the editor, who combined the divergent accounts. This editor or redactor, moreover, is a personage absolutely unknown to Semitic literature. There we have authors and books, but the "editing" of an author in the way in which the Old Testament writers are said to have been edited is an entirely modern and European practice. The Korán was edited in the califate of Abu Bekr by collecting its verses from palm-leaves and from shoulder-blades and from the breasts of men, and setting them down exactly as the prophet had uttered them. Of one thing we may be absolutely certain: If Abu Bekr or Zaid ibn Thábit or Othmán had chosen to piece together the many duplicate passages in the Korán, as is supposed to have been done with the Old Testament books, there is not a critic in Europe who would have been able to disintegrate them again.

The most serious flaw in the equipment of the Arab as a writer of history—as indeed of European writers, including Chaucer—is his lack of the sense of historical perspective. He throws all his figures upon a screen and they are all equally distant from him. In the Korán Nimrod is contemporary with Abraham; Haman (of the Book of Esther) is the vezir of the Pharaoh of the Exodus; and Mary, the mother of Jesus, is the daughter of Imran, and therefore identical with Miriam the sister of Moses. When a series of prophets is mentioned the chronological sequence is not observed, and in duplicate versions of the same story the order of events is not always the same. So, too, in the historical books of the Old Testament there is no reason to suppose, for example, that the events recorded in 2 Sam. ix.-xxiv.

are set down precisely in the order in which they occurred. In these books the one really inexplicable difficulty, which, like the two divine names in the Pentateuch, is the agate knife-edge upon which the whole critical analysis is suspended, is the fact that in 1 Sam. xvi. 14-23, David is Saul's favorite armor-bearer, whereas in Chapter xvii. he is (it is supposed) too young to bear arms, and is quite unknown to Saul and Abner (xvii. 55-58). The Greek text, it is true, omits the verses last cited, but still presents the (supposed) difficulty as to David's age. If we could believe xvi. 14-23 to be subsequent in time to xvii., we should get rid of both difficulties.

In addition to the two narratives of which the Books of Samuel are composed it is believed that there can be detected traces of a third hand—that of the "Deuteronomic redactor." This editor who is imbued with the spirit of Deuteronomy gives an occasional religious turn to the narrative where that was lacking in the original. The warnings given to Eli by the man of God in Chapter ii., and through Samuel in Chapter iii., as well as much of Samuel's farewell address on his demission of office in Chapter xli., are couched in the language of the Book of Deuteronomy. It is admitted, however, that the Deuteronomist is far more in evidence in the Book of Judges than in Samuel. There he gives his hand free play and is, in fact, responsible for the form and setting of the whole book. In it each one of the greater judges is introduced and dismissed with similar phrases and in the same set terms. "The Israelites do evil in the sight of Jehovah. He sells them into the hand of some tyrant; they serve him so many years; then they cry to Jehovah; he raises up a deliverer; the tyrant is subdued; and the land has rest so many years." It is agreed that these introductory and

final formulæ are from the hand of the Deuteronomic editor, and that the stories to which they form the setting are by much older writers—it is generally supposed by the two authors mentioned at the beginning of this article.

Now let us turn to the Korân. In the Korân we find certain chapters made up in whole or in part of stories about the prophets; for example, in Chapter 7, about Noah, Hûd (the prophet of the tribe of Ad), Sâlih (the prophet of the tribe of Thamûd), Lot, Shoaib (the prophet of Midian), Moses. Similarly, in Chapter 21—which is called the Chapter of the Prophets—mention is made of Moses, Abraham, Lot, Isaac, Jacob, Noah, David, Solomon, Job, Ishmael, Idrîs (Enoch), Dhu'l Kifl, "He of the fish" (Jonah), Zacharias, the Virgin Mary. So in Chapter 18 we have the stories of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, of Moses in search of Al-Khidr, and of "the man of the two horns" (Alexander the Great). In Chapter 19 we have the stories of Zacharias, John the Baptist and the Virgin Mary, of Jesus, Abraham, Ishmael—"who was true to his promise"—and others.

These stories are repeated over and over again, and the motive is always the same. A tribe—Ad or Thamûd or Midian—rebel against God; God sends an apostle to bring them back to their faith; they declare the apostle to be a liar; God destroys them; and the prophet possesses his soul in patience. Between the longer stories there intervene some sentences of a hortatory or parenetic nature, dwelling on the moral to be drawn from the tale. In Chapter 7 the story of Hûd concludes (v. 70), "And We delivered him and those who were with him, with mercy from Us, and We cut off the last of those who said that Our signs were lies, and who did not believe." Similarly, after the stories of Noah (v. 62), Sâlih (vv. 76, 77), Lot (vv. 81, 82),

Shoaib (vv. 88-91). Again, in Chapter 21, after the mention of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, we read (v. 72): "Each of them We made pious and We made them guides to lead at Our command, and We showed them how to do good, and to pray, and to give alms, and they served Us"; again, after naming Ishmael, Idrîs and Dhu'l Kifl (v. 85): "Each one was of the number of the patient, and We caused them to enter into Our mercy; every one of them was of the pious"; and, again, after referring to Jonah (v. 87): "We delivered him out of his affliction, and in like wise will We deliver those who believe." Similarly, in Chapter 18, between the story of the Sleepers of Ephesus and that of Moses there is inserted a parenetic discourse too long to quote.

In the Korân, therefore, we meet with the same phenomena as are found in the Book of Judges, and, to a less extent, in the Books of Samuel—series of stories of heroes set in a religious or "Deuteronomic" framework. The prevailing view at the present time in regard to the Old Testament books is that the stories come from the pen of the author, or authors, of the books, and that the framework in which they are embedded is from the hand of an editor who wished to turn these narratives to a religious purpose. The analogy of the Korân shows that the supposed redactor is, in fact, the author of the book, of the narrative as well as of the hortatory parts. The narrative portions had no previous literary existence as far as he was concerned. They were the folk-lore of his day, popular tales with which every one was familiar, but which no one had committed to writing, or, indeed, would have thought of committing to writing for their own sake, and which would perhaps never have been written at all, had it not been for the religious use to which they could be put. Even so

Muhammad would never have dreamed of retailing these old world sagas and legends of rejected and persecuted apostles and prophets, but for their religious value in mitigating his own sufferings at the hands of his persecutors, and in turning them from the worship of Al-Lât and Al-Ozza and Manât to the service of that One Eternal who begetteth not nor is begotten, like whom there is none.

Of all portions of the Books of Samuel it is agreed that the poetical pieces—the Song of Hannah (1 Sam. ii. 1-10), the version of the eighteenth Psalm (2 Sam. xxii.), and the last words of David (xxiii. 1-7) are the latest. The elegies which David pronounced over Saul and Jonathan (2 Sam. i. 19-27), and over Abner (iii. 33, 34), are on all hands allowed to be authentic, and there is a lingering belief in the authenticity of parts at least of the Psalm; but the Song of Hannah and the last words of David have gone by the board.

This is a point upon which the Korân cannot give us any assistance, for although it ranges from the most intense inspiration of poetry to the dullest prose, it contains no formal verses nor any poems corresponding in subject to those found in the Books of Samuel. In the old Arabian poetry, on the other hand, we find parallels in plenty. In the Arab elegies the two themes upon which the poets love to dwell are the warlike courage and the generosity of the fallen hero. It is the same with David's elegy for Saul and Jonathan, except that whereas for the Arab generosity takes the form of hospitality, with the Hebrew it shows itself in the generous distribution of the spoil. In both the specially religious element, even in the early fanatical days of Islâm, is kept well in the background. At all the most strenuous turning points of life the Semite falls back upon Fate. The following lines are

taken from an elegy composed by a contemporary of Muhammad upon his brother:—

We were enriched by his goodness for a space,  
Then she who strikes all men assailed us.

I know that the longest lived of men  
Is for an appointed time, of which the furthest term is near.

Death hath wrought ruin of life, and there has come to his day  
One who was close to my side and dear.

If the world were for sale, I would buy him back with it,  
Seeing that in him men's hearts rejoiced.

By Allah, I will not forget him as long as the sun shines,  
And I can brandish a lance made from a branch of *arâk*.

The authenticity of Hannah's Song is denied on the somewhat contradictory grounds that there is nothing in it answering to Hannah's circumstances, and that an editor inserted it because v. 5 is really to the point. This takes for granted that we know what kind of song Hannah would have sung. We can know this only by comparing analogous cases, but the Old Testament offers no parallel. Hannah is in the precise position of a poet who has received largess from some exalted personage, and who out of gratitude composes a poem in his honor. An Arab poet in these circumstances does not recite a panegyric upon his patron. He composes a poem on any subject he pleases, generally upon a horse, or a she-camel, or a lion, putting his best workmanship into it, and presents it as a beautiful work of art for the acceptance of his patron. The ode which Kaab ibn Zuhair recited before Muhammad, when seeking his protection, contains a minute, almost anatomical, description of his own she-camel, and another of a lion. We cannot therefore tell what the subject matter of

Hannah's song would have been, but its "execution" would have been the best she was capable of. In that respect the simple verses tradition has handed down are beyond criticism.

Considerations, such as the foregoing, appear to point to the conclusion that the theory of dual or triple authorship does not afford us an adequate explanation of the difficulties with which we meet in the historical parts of the Old Testament. That it is to European scholars a satisfactory and convincing solution is due to the scientific and philosophical discipline in which they are trained. If we turn to such a purely Semitic literary product as the Korán, we find the same phenomena as beset us in the Hebrew, and, to a less degree, in the Christian Scriptures. Yet the Korán is the rock upon which higher criticism goes to pieces. To apply to it the theory of double sources is out of the question. It is hard to get behind a text, the words of which are extant, engraved

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upon nearly contemporary coins. With all its self-contradictions and inconsistencies, its flights from the loftiest poetry to the tamest prose, it had but one author—Muhammad. Of the early Hebrews, it is true, no coins exist, and, but for one or two inscriptions, we have nothing to go upon beyond the national tradition. The inscriptions and the tradition, however, are in agreement, and tradition with the Hebrew and the Arab is a more reliable source of knowledge than are written documents with us. As Professor Strack observes in the new edition of *Genesis: Nations*, like individuals, remember their earliest years best.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that a study of the Korán would suggest that instead of splitting up the books of the Bible into innumerable sources, we would be nearer the mark if we supposed, for example, that the first three books of the New Testament were from a single hand.

*T. H. Weir.*

## THE BACKGROUND OF DRAMA.

### I

In his *Shakespeare and the Modern Stage* Mr. Sidney Lee has dealt in a trenchant style with the elaborate scenic production of Shakespeare's plays which is the fashion of the day. He gives many reasons why scenic display should not be too elaborate, among them the practical one that the cost of such productions is so excessive that two or three pieces could be mounted for the same cost as one. That is a matter which need hardly be discussed, for presumably managers know their own business and do not spend money on their productions unless they have good reason to expect it will be returned to them with profit. The chief practical objection, apart

from artistic grounds, against the elaborate productions of to-day, is that the initial expense demands a long run before the manager can be recouped, and long runs do not make for the best achievement of the actor's art. Unfortunately, Shakespeare is not the only sufferer from this state of things, and long runs are not always the result of an expensive production. While the theatre is a commercial speculation, the manager will naturally attempt to squeeze every penny piece he can out of his commodities. The plays themselves suffer. Mr. J. M. Barrie's *Peter Pan* is an instance. It is now in its third year, and, we may assume, will gradually take its place as a dramatic perennial. It has not

been improved in its subsequent growths. The acting has not improved, and all kinds of tasteless "business" have been grafted on to the original stock. The problem of long runs is very difficult to solve. It is all very well to say that an artistic manager should withdraw a play after a reasonable number of performances, which would be determined both by public demand and the players' interest in their work; but London is so large that, if a play be really successful, it may run for a year without having exhausted its audience. Mr. Pinero's *His House in Order* is a case in point, for that play is not of the type which people desire to see many times, so that every audience is practically a fresh audience. Nor can it be said that Mr. Beerbohm Tree, who is the arch-priest of elaborate Shakespearian productions, keeps any one play on his stage for an exceptionally long run. Whether he changes them for financial reasons or other I do not know, but a year's history of work at His Majesty's shows sufficient variety. *Much Ado about Nothing*, *The Tempest*, *Business is Business*, *Colonel Newcome* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, besides a Shakespeare week in the summer, is not a bad record for one theatre, and compares favorably with any stage but that of the Court Theatre. The practical side of theatre management is beset with so many difficulties that we had best not touch upon them. The complication of the problem by the magnificence of scenery, upholstery, and costumes supposed to be demanded by modern audiences does not apply to Shakespeare only. It will be more to the purpose to examine the modern decoration of Shakespeare, and scenic elaboration in general, entirely from the artistic standpoint.

## II

There are two opposed views which

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call for some consideration. Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree, in a lecture to the members of the Salon, thus expressed the faith that is in him:

I take it that the entire business of the stage is—illusion. To gain this end, all means are fair. The same is sometimes said of love and war, though I incline to dismiss this declaration as an ethical fallacy. Illusion, then, is the first and last word of the stage: all that aids illusion is good, all that destroys illusion is bad. This simple law governs us—or should govern us. In that compound of all the arts which is the art of the modern theatre, the sweet grace of restraint is of course necessary, and the scenic embellishments should not overwhelm the dramatic interest, or the balance is upset—the illusion is gone!

These be wise words, but it will be noted they contain a very drastic modification of the blessings of "scenic embellishments."

Mr. Sidney Lee, whose opinions may be taken as representing those of the bulk of literary admirers of Shakespeare, bewails the fact that the imagination of modern audiences is so weak that they cannot create the environment of Shakespeare's dramas for themselves, as audiences did in the poet's day. But Mr. Lee is in favor of adequate scenery. He is not of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's "certain pedants" who "apparently imagine that Shakespeare should be presented on the stage of the twentieth century in the same manner and with the same limitations as were necessarily observed on the stage of the Globe Theatre in the sixteenth century." The general question of the place of scenery in drama is complicated, however, by the loose construction of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has quoted the chorus which precedes *Henry the Fifth* in support of his contention that Shakespeare did not consider the



limited scenic conditions of his own day "as perennial and eternal":

But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring  
forth  
So great an object: Can this cockpit  
hold  
The vasty fields of France? or may we  
cram  
Within this wooden O, the very casques  
That did affright the air at Agincourt?  
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may  
Attest, in little place, a million;  
And let us, ciphers to this great ac-  
compt,  
On your imaginary forces work:  
Suppose, within the girdle of these  
walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty mon-  
arches,  
Whose high upreared and abutting  
fronts  
The perilous, narrow ocean parts  
asunder.  
Piece out our imperfection with your  
thoughts;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance:  
Think, when we talk of horses, that  
you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the re-  
ceiving earth:  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must  
deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there; jumping  
o'er times;  
Turning the accomplishment of many  
years  
Into an hour-glass.

Mr. Tree sees in this a prophetic vision and justification of His Majesty's Theatre. Mr. Sidney Lee, on the other hand, considers the lines

a spirited appeal to his audience not to waste regrets on defects of stage machinery, but to bring to the observation of his piece their highest powers of imagination, whereby alone can full justice be done to a majestic theme. The central topic of the choric speech is the essential limitations of all scenic appliances. The dramatist reminds us that the literal presenta-

tion of life itself, in all its movement and action, lies outside the range of the stage, especially the movement and action of life in its most glorious manifestations.

If Shakespeare meant that as an æsthetic theory the less Shakespeare he. A poet who knows that "the literal presentation of life itself . . . lies outside the range of the stage" and yet attempts that presentation, and excuses it in a prologue, merely shows that he has not thought about the theory of drama. And, indeed, the greater part of the speech is a lame excuse for the disregard of dramatic unities which makes Shakespeare's plays so difficult to present on any stage without emphasizing their chaos of construction. We really must not account this chaotic chronicle of incidents as a virtue, or even as a magnificent lapse which can be made good by the imagination of an audience. This free-and-easy marshalling of incidents in Shakespeare is a weakness and a sign of drama in a low state of development.

In this respect many of his works are mere chronicle-plays, however magnificent they may be in the higher sense of drama: in their truth to human nature, their presentment of character, and their gorgeous verse. At the same time, although no modern scenic art can amend an essential breach of unities, Mr. Tree is partly right in considering this speech as evidence that Shakespeare could imagine a better setting for his play than the Globe Theatre was able to give him. "Into a thousand parts divide one man" plainly cries out for the multitudinous suppers of His Majesty's Theatre. Possibly, too, Shakespeare would have liked to see his horses "printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth," nor would he have objected to his king being decked in more dazzling apparel than the thoughts of his



audience could supply. In this limited sense the speech is on the side of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Not all the spectacular ingenuity in the world could, however, make two kingdoms of the "unworthy scaffold" of the stage. Moreover, if any argument against elaborate scenic productions of Shakespeare were required it is to be found in the very construction of his plays.

### III

We must honestly accept this chaotic presentment of the stories Shakespeare has to tell. We need not pretend, in blind admiration of our great poet, that this chaos is a virtue, or anything more than the natural outcome of theatrical conditions of the poet's period. But it exists in his plays, and no modern manager can artistically pass it over. It should be stated at once, too, that chaotic as the conduct of the dramas may be, the sudden changes of scene, the "jumping o'er times" and the "turning the accomplishment of many years into an hour-glass," are an organic part of them. These cannot be cut out without injuring the main drama and destroying many necessary considerations. The modern manager has to eliminate some of these scenes or to incorporate them with others. The only alternative is the production of Shakespeare's plays as far as possible in the conditions of their original performances.

That our public would not accept them in that guise is not evidence that the popular imagination is less strong than it was in Shakespeare's time. The audience of Shakespeare's day had to exercise rather less imagination than is required for the appreciation of fiction. It is a question of custom. We are accustomed to scenery, and we miss it when it is absent. Moreover, a drama does gain by its scenic environment. The difficulty the manager has to face in mounting Shakespeare is

twofold: in the first place he must arrange his settings so that the least possible delay is caused by the change of scene; and, secondly, he should not allow the drama to be obscured by giving too much prominence to its embellishments. The first difficulty used to be overcome by a convenient compromise. By the employment of front scenes the action could pass almost as continuously as in the days of Shakespeare, and the only considerable waits were after each act. Mr. Beerbohm Tree has made an innovation even from Sir Henry Irving's method of producing Shakespeare. At His Majesty's Theatre there is never a front scene in the old sense. The less important scenes are set with an elaboration which certainly makes it necessary to limit their number as much as possible, both on the score of expense and of time. The consequence is that Shakespeare has to undergo even more reshaping than used to be the case.

The recent revival of *Antony and Cleopatra* is, of course, a glaring example. It is one of Shakespeare's most chaotic plays, and it is difficult to imagine what an Elizabethan audience made of the continual changing of the action from Egypt to Rome and back. I do not believe that the average Elizabethan troubled his mind about it. He was too intent on the characters and the verse, and he was accustomed to take a large fund of make-believe with him to the theatre. The arrangement made for Mr. Tree was very skilful in many ways, but it could not escape certain anomalies, which were made more patent from the fact that at least two scenes had to be omitted at the last moment. This would not have been necessary had the system of front scenes been followed, and had much valuable time not been frittered away in unnecessary illustrations of the text.

It must be confessed that Mr. Tree's grangerisms of Shakespeare are often

very ingenious and not wanting in imagination. He presents an *édition de luxe* of the poet, with living pictures. No one can come away from His Majesty's Theatre without having had his pictorial imagination quickened. Every production there is a kind of object-lesson in the splendor of the dead past. But a poet goes behind the show of things; it is his to interpret for us the minds and the hearts of men and women on whom the eternal silence has fallen; to show us how their natures join ours, and how the same sun shone on them as shines on us. This is not to be achieved through tableaux, however magnificent they may be. And this magnificence of illustration does still further make Shakespeare chaotic; for, well managed as it is, such a picture as that which illustrates Cæsar's description of Antony and Cleopatra in Alexandria is unnecessary:

I' the market-place, on a tribunal  
silver'd,  
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
Were publicly enthron'd; at the feet sat  
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's  
son,  
And all the unlawful issue, that their  
lust  
Since then hath made between them.

The picture was a splendid example of stage management, and, as one of a series of Shakespearian *tableaux vivants*, would be worthy of all praise; but it did not help the drama in the slightest, and, as a matter of fact, did not even illustrate Cæsar's bitter description; for Cæsarion did not sit at the feet of Antony and Cleopatra, nor was there any sign of "all the unlawful issue." At His Majesty's, Cleopatra was followed up the stairs of the tribunal by a diminutive little child, who appeared to be a page rather than one of the imperial offspring. To illustrate Enobarbus's famous word-picture of Cleopatra's barge was a great temptation, but Mr. Tree manfully

withstood it. True, his Antony and Cleopatra made their entrance on a barge, but that innovation was legitimate enough, and did not materially lengthen the action.

If Shakespeare is not to be performed without such interpolated tableaux as that of Antony and Cleopatra at Alexandria, no great harm will be done to the poet. Most of us will but feel the same annoyance that we experience in reading an illustrated edition of the plays. Mr. Tree's productions, however, go much farther in the art of grangerism. In *Much Ado about Nothing* Beatrice speaks of Claudio as being "neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count; civil as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion." Mr. Tree apparently could not understand how so unusual a simile should have entered the mind of Shakespeare's heroine.

To make things clear, by way of a footnote, he invented a handsome orange-tree. Some of the fruit had fallen to the ground, and Beatrice's simile was suggested by her having picked up one of them. It is quite natural, of course, that an orange-tree should grow in a Messina garden, but it is equally natural that the commonness of the orange should have suggested the idea to Beatrice. Such "business" takes time which cannot be spared in a modern representation of Shakespeare. And if the time it takes be inconsiderable it delays the rapidity of repartee. Then, at every production at His Majesty's Theatre there is a deal of unnecessary processioning. It may give pomp to the productions, and it may be natural, but it seriously delays the drama. To the musician, too, the use Mr. Tree makes of incidental music is rather disconcerting. It is possible that harpists and choristers did welcome the arrival of Cleopatra and Antony, but

they certainly did not play or sing modern music. That opening scene at His Majesty's made a pompous picture, but I felt that if Shakespeare had desired to herald the entry of his hero and heroine in an operatic or musical comedy style he would have arranged his play in accordance with his intention. Surely he meant us to slip of a sudden into the life of Antony and Cleopatra as if the veil were whisked from the past at a wave of a magician's wand; but he could not foresee, of course, how important is the entry of a modern actor. In many such ways time is wasted in these elaborate productions. I had always imagined, for instance, that when Cleopatra has called for music—"music, moody food of us that trade in love"—and Mardian has entered at the cry of the attendant, the impatient Empress, consumed by her love fever, immediately changes her mind, and exclaims: "Let it alone." It has always seemed to me a splendid little touch. Mr. Tree thought otherwise, however, and we have a boy stalking round the room and singing a modern drawing-room song. In my edition of Shakespeare no words are given of the countermanded song, and the poet generally inserted lyrics when he meant them to be sung.

The productions at His Majesty's Theatre are full of many such interpolations. In themselves they are not, perhaps, very important, but the spirit which inspires them is wrong, and in the sum they mean a good deal of delay. It all adds to the necessity of cutting. In the production of *Antony and Cleopatra* there are a couple of excisions which cannot be excused on any grounds. One is the death of Enobarbus. Efforts should have been made to spare that pathetic end of the bluff soldier. The other, and more serious, is the interview of Cæsar with Cleopatra after the death of Antony.

When her dying lord asks for a poor last kiss, Cleopatra replies:

I dare not, dear  
(Dear my lord, pardon), I dare not,  
Lest I be taken; not the imperious  
show  
Of the full-fortuned Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me.

It was the duty of the dramatist to show us that Cleopatra was true to that resolve—that she would come to Antony to claim that first kiss in their spirit life with lips unsullied by his conqueror. Mr. Tree evidently thinks the statement of the resolve is enough, and that in showing how Cleopatra cast aside all questions of personal safety, and, in spite of Cæsar's pleading, was noble to herself, Shakespeare was guilty of unnecessary length. If it be said that the play was already too long to admit of this fine scene, I would reply that it is worth all the singing girls, the elaborate orgy on Pompey's barge, and the Alexandria tableaux rolled into one. It is drama; the others are grangerisms, and needless elaborate ones. Such an excision is not only a strong charge in itself against productions which illustrate the material aspects of Shakespeare and ignore the spiritual, but is a condemnation of the actor-manager as supreme authority, for in no theatre save one ruled by an actor would so important a scene for the "leading lady" be omitted.

#### IV

There is another matter connected with the use of elaborate scenery which touches the very essence of drama. Every student of the drama knows how gradual has been the growth of scenery. Yet in all the history of the drama there is but scanty evidence that the æsthetics of the subject have received close consideration. Wagner, it is true, wrote much on the

matter of scenic art, and he made use of mechanical contrivances as part and parcel of his music-dramas. But Wagner's theories were vitiated by his ideas on the union of all the arts, with music as the predominant partner. Drama is not, and cannot be, a union of all the arts. It has its own convention, its own essentials. One of its conventions is that human life, in all its twists and turns, must be made clear to an audience as it is never made clear to a mere spectator of life itself. The manner of doing this has changed. In the past we accepted long soliloquies as part of the convention, but the modern playwright has found that this particular convention, which made for an appearance of unreality, is unnecessary. He obtains the same result by more subtle means and by a more implicit reliance on the art of acting. But the main convention of drama remains. In its higher manifestations it seeks to bare human souls to our sympathy and understanding. Any device which helps towards that result is permissible as part of the illusion of drama, but the *dramatis personæ* of a play must stand out in a relief stronger than life. Their scenic environment should therefore take the same place as the background in a fine portrait. Anything that too closely approaches reality detracts from the importance of the characters. I had an object-lesson in the truth of this theory when witnessing the Warwick Pageant last year. The historical figures had a background of reality—the beautiful grounds of Warwick Castle. The result was not drama, although some of the episodes were dramatic enough. The mood of the day did not fit in with the pageant. The background was separate from the figures, and they were dwarfed to unimportance. I had the same impression in witnessing the scenic splendors of Mr. Beerbohm

Tree's *Antony and Cleopatra*. So much color and magnificence of detail made Antony and Cleopatra seem accessories rather than principals, and it was a relief to the senses when a comparatively simple scene followed one of the stage pictures. Even with these scenes, however, the characters were not always in artistic proportion. Caesar's house, for instance, was too vast in its vistas, and the immense columns seemed to dwarf the characters to the measure of reality, which is precisely what is not required in drama. Then, again, no greater artistic mistake was ever made than is comprised in the theory of the union of all the arts. Each appeals to a different sense, and I do not believe that human beings can exercise all their senses at once in an equal degree. That is the fundamental weakness of music-drama. If you are interested in the music the stage action passes as a dream, and the scenery does not exist; if you are impressed by the acting you hardly hear the music; and so on. In spoken drama the chief appeal should be to imagination and sympathy. Nothing should be allowed to interfere with the free play of these mental qualities. If you are not color-blind, a gorgeous *mise-en-scène* must make an effect on your visual senses and weaken concentration on the character. Indeed, so much is this the case with Mr. Tree's productions that a dramatic critic, to give a true idea of them, must become in part a descriptive reporter. We are made more interested in the environment of Antony and Cleopatra than in what they think and feel, which is the subject-matter of drama. Instead of being privileged to understand the inner life of the great member of the triumvirate and the passionate Empress of Egypt through the magic of the poet's verse and the art of acting, we see them as if we were only average

spectators of life. Possibly an actor and an actress of genius could pierce through this sensuous environment and make our souls vibrate with theirs. A Garrick, it is true, was able to hold his audience with a Macbeth attired in a Hanoverian military uniform, as you may see from Zoffany's picture, but it is not safe to order matters for genius. Besides, the senses might easily accept a Hanoverian uniform without any but a first shock. Mr. Tree, on the other hand, hypnotizes or narcotizes the imagination by the splendor of his mounting and the brilliance of his costumes.

I am not advocating the shabby "adequate" scenery of third-rate Shakespearean productions, but a new kind of mounting in which the envi-

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ronment of the characters would be conceived on the lines of impressionistic suggestion rather than inartistic reality. We do not want the essays in eccentric design which Mr. Gordon Craig gave us some time ago in his production of Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. He dehumanized drama for the sake of pictorial design. Color and light should play their part in the creation of atmosphere and mood, but scenery must be nothing but a suggestive background to the characters. The medium of dramatic impression is acting, again acting and always acting, and the mounting of a play should be managed so that it heightens and does not detract from the art of the actor.

*E. A. Baughan.*

## THE BILLINGSLEY ROSE.

"Never heard of it," a gardener will answer you, even in the roseries at Kew; for few are aware of the Billingsley rose. It buds on no standard, it adorns no florist's catalogue, and at far from it was never distilled. You may hunt it like the most precious of orchids, but the trail lies through Bloomsbury and the Kensingtons, and not in Amazonian forests or jungles of Mandalay. With patience and *flair* you may come upon it yet, though Glamorgan, Derbyshire, and the "sweet shire of Cardigan" have been scoured for it, Holland rifled of it, Cintra, Palermo, Montpellier, Tours, and all the haunts of the English resident abroad in the teens of last century meticulously searched for it, by keen-eyed votaries, illuminati, new Rosicrucians ready with gold for any disc of smooth and shining whiteness that bears the Billingsley rose.

It is a China rose, but it never bloomed in Cathay. Nippon nor Cash-

mere ever knew it; the European mainland never grew it; it flouts the flowers from Saxony and the valley of the Seine. In the Peak it budded, a century and a quarter ago, but still it lives in beauty; still the petals seem to throb with the sap of life; still this rose, as one enthusiast sings, "has the soft bloom of youth and floats in being, as not by the agency of the brush but by the volition of the painter." For, yes, (perhaps you read the riddle at once?), a pencil of camel-hair produced the flower; it is upon saucers and cups and plates of old English porcelain that one finds the Billingsley rose.

Like every rare and peerless thing, it happened happily; the date of its blooming was fortunate. A little later there would have been no soft porcelain to paint on, a little earlier there was no English porcelain at all. The Billingsley rose is the very triumph and coronal of the efforts of English potters against invasions from the

Orient, from Saxony and France. The illuminati know with their hearts the strange tale of that strife—how the Honorable East India Company kept pouring "china" in from the East; how Dresden and Sèvres imposed upon us their splendid wares; how crowds of merchants and collectors awaited the ships and fought with their money-bags at the ports; how "Why should not we make porcelain?" said English potters, and how they began. Romance encircles the record of their doings; against royal subsidies and patronage by kings of Saxony and France they pitted private enterprise and petty capital; lacking the true material, they invented substitutes, composites, imitative amalgams; and at last they came upon a kind of china that differed as much from the wares of Meissen and late Sèvres as a lyric of Shelley's contrasts with a page of Racine's.

This English soft china was not true porcelain, I know. It was "an ingenious and beautiful counterfeit," says Professor Church; but he does not rate the real thing the higher. No, it was something better than "true" porcelain; it was something unique and apart, something delicate and ephemeral, dainty and fragile, fit compeer for the Louis Seize fan, a pastel of Vigée Lebrun's, or a Cosway miniature. It has left the china cupboard and the kitchen rack, to dwell in the realm of lost arts. The paste and the glaze of it, delightful in themselves, to the painter furnished a "canvas" opulently white, softly firm, and gently smooth, shot through with light, receptive, better than ivory; and upon such pleasant surfaces the pencil of William Billingsley began to play and create, at Derby, circa 1775.

The man was blest in the ware on which he wrought, for the glassy and chalky amalgams which made up the paste and glaze of the old English

porcelains gave them tenderness and translucency beyond compare. Light, transpiercing light, the glass-painter's ally, came to his aid. Held to the light, the form and tinting of any flowers he painted in Wales can be seen through and through. Take even a plate of his painting at Derby. Though the chemical action of air and sunlight by now may have veined the glaze with a fine network of brown, it once was white and virginal, pregnable to the colors and wooing the brush. At Meissen and Sèvres the artists worked on kaolinic stuff, like that of the Orient—stuff that was *dure*, refractory to pigments, almost impossible to stain with gentle tints; so that the picture rests upon the surface wholly, kept hard in outline and not interfused with the glaze, just as even the most deftly barbered peruke declines to blend with the nape and the temples. But the English "soft" porcelains had a subsoil, so to speak; the surfaces were sympathetic and amorous of the brush, the paste and glaze were receptive and absorbent, and the colors became filtered and refined as they sank richly in. It is this quality in the ware which causes the French illuminati, tired of the hard mechanical perfection of "Sèvres," to rifle the shops of Paris of every piece of *pâte tendre anglaise to-day*.

Yet tools and materials count for little in art, after all. Plenty of clever brushes had played upon English china before Billingsley's began—reluctant French limners had been bribed to cross the Channel—but none had ever painted the rose so well as he was to come to do. By the time he started off on his dramatic wanderings, the pilgrim of perfection in porcelain, his flowers had become almost famous, and his style had begun to found a school. He was a deviser and inventor. All his days he showed himself a restless seeker and innovator, never content with the usual and accepted.



Perhaps the tragedy of his career arose from that. He was just the man to reverse a tradition, and he upset—in England at least—the rules of flower-painting on china which had come down from Royal *fabrik* and *établissement* abroad to humble potteries here. Billingsley forsook the convention; he painted flowers as he saw them, and not as by the older masters in his art they had been seen. In his way and scope he too repudiated the white horse and the brown tree. England in him may claim the first Impressionist. He worked in the small and upon still-life subjects, it is true; but all the same he was the first, I think, to “bring the picture out of the blur” to the momentary glance.

The outline of the Billingsley rose, and its lights and shadows too, are imprecise. Under the momentary glance the flower seems to float and quiver, almost to form itself and move, and the richly enamelled deep heart of it, like the drooping and blowing petals, makes a rounding contrast with the high light upon the swell. By older china-painters “the lights were simply left untouched,” writes Mr. John Ward, keeper of the Billingsley china at Cardiff—that is, the “lights” were parts of the white uncolored glaze. But by the Billingsley method “the whole surface of the flower was covered with color, and the lights were then swept out with a half-charged brush.” No great discovery, perhaps—simply an artist’s device; but it was Billingsley’s first, and it is this, together with a special “feeling” for flowers and a knack in grouping them, which makes it just to say, as a votary does, that “no other man in all the history of porcelain painted roses as this man did”; for upon the most fitting of material his brushes played in the most natural and liberated of styles.

Yet Billingsley would never speak of himself as an artist, one may be sure.

He was a workman, a craftsman, one of the good old kind of steady, rather silent, dour English artisans, better paid than most workmen at that date, but painting stolidly for daily bread, and drawing his thirty-five or forty shillings a week in quite a non-romantic and businesslike way. Romance was to come as a “high light” upon him, however, and his career, his mysterious law-breaking, his flight and exile, the pride of his achievements and the pathos of his failures were to afford a topic for biographers and novelists in the end. For in the first year of the nineteenth century he ceased to be the steady artisan of the pot-works at Derby. He took to the road, and became a Romany of art; he wandered in Sherwood Forest and Cannock Chase, Salop, Worcestershire, and Wales; and wherever he went he drew, or taught to draw, the Billingsley rose.

He left peace and comfort behind him at Derby, but he went towards renown. In his way he was famous already, and in his own country. “To be painted with Billingsley’s flowers” is written on many pages of the pattern-books which used to be kept in the Derby China Works until a generation ago. His “prentice-plate” is treasured in the Derby Art Gallery, though somewhat the worse for wear. It is described as “bordered with roses in every conceivable position. The stems are wonderfully graceful and elastic, and suggest that they are alive, the weight of the flower giving a curve which one can fancy changing with the flutter of the breeze.” It was by examples such as this that the craftsman taught at the Derby, Pinxton, Worcester, Nantgarw, Swansea, and Coalport potteries the art and mystery of painting flowers to the life.

Not every Billingsley rose is by Billingsley, therefore, and he seldom signed his work, though the figure “7” on the back of a piece of “old Derby”

is said to authenticate the painting as his own. But his work is signed all over to the instructed eye. Always the lights are "swept out with a half-charged brush." But that is not all; he could group flowers more harmoniously and set them in truer perspective than his copiers. Not only did he blot them in more masterly, but he treated the shadows and developed values in an inimitable way. If you find these qualities in a flower-piece painted on "soft" English china, look again. What are the flowers? What are the prevalent hues? For Billingsley loved the auricula and the tulip, as well as the rose; he had a fondness for yellows and purples, and would bind in each nosegay at least one flower of a dove-color gray. Then, also, his bouquets throw out loose sprays, and the leaves are darkish, little-veined, often vaguely washed-in.

"Make a bargain with Mr. Billingsley for him to continue with you," the London agent of the Derby China Works wrote to the proprietor of them urgently, in 1796. "For it will be a great loss to lose such a hand, and not only that, but his going into another factory will put them into the way of doing flowers in the same way, which they at present are entirely ignorant of." I daresay Mr. Duesbury would offer as much as fifty shillings a week for his "hand" to remain, but he offered in vain. Billingsley quitted Derby to become a master-man. But that was not his chief motive; he had a stronger incentive and a higher aim.

He was potter as well as painter, and he longed to produce a perfect porcelain. Mr. Duesbury's rules prohibited the painters from entering the potters' rooms, at Derby, and the potters from visiting the painting-rooms; but he failed to limit Billingsley's technical knowledge, just as he did to retain the advantages of his brush. The painter-potter had experimented in the

mixing-room and the kilns at Derby; he sought after a ware which should possess the translucency and porousness of "soft" china, be exquisitely thin, and yet be durably "hard" like the porcelain from Dresden—perhaps an impossible ideal. The "hand" was no chemist, and had been only scantily schooled, but he was tireless and inventive, and he came at last, after heart-breaking failure, to something like achievement; for in Wales he produced from his recipes "a porcelain which, as an artificial felspar, approaches the nearest to real felspar" of any imitative china ever concocted. This was the famous ware of Nantgarw. But it did not wholly realize the aim, for it was brittle, not "hard." Billingsley never quite saw success.

He began his search for the perfect porcelain in 1796 at Pinxton. A certain Mr. Coke, who had lived at Dresden and knew the qualities of the Saxon ware, undertook to build and equip a small pottery if Billingsley would act as managing partner in the concern. The thick white Pinxton china was the result, but it seldom flowered with the Billingsley rose; the potter had absorbed the painter, the artist had become a man of affairs. Yet the partnership lasted no longer than four years. Billingsley's wife used to say of him that he was "never satisfied with what he did, always wishing to produce something better." Probably Mr. Coke had curbed experiment with his purse-strings. At any rate, in 1800, the inveterate experimenter carried away his recipes, and left the Pinxton pottery to fumble with inferior ware. Adversity drove the "hand" to his art again, and then befell a period of painting other people's china and of scheming for new capital. Then something mysterious and catastrophic occurred. In the winter of 1808 we see him scurrying south, escaping, a scared and quaking fugitive,

his name concealed, his wife left behind, his daughter Sarah and her lover, Samuel Walker, accompanying him, and Lavinia Billingsley, a small weakly child of thirteen, wearily trudging beside them or lifted by turns in their arms. The quest for the perfect porcelain had been interrupted, even the brushes lay idle; it was winter with the Billingsley rose.

Something evil had come into the man's life—some act of crime, maybe, but most probably some misdealing with money; enthusiasts and inventors are seldom nicely particular about other people's capital. Whatever his sin or fault had been, it drove him into sudden exile. Earlier than this, his wife had separated herself from him, and for that there may have been serious cause. But his children followed him through all, to their death; Samuel Walker stood by him; and "of this man's failings or indiscretions we have no direct evidence," his first biographer, Mr. Haslem, of Derby, wrote gently. "But that they must have been greatly redeemed by paternal love is proved by the fact that his daughters, who maintained the most affectionate correspondence with their mother, clung to him with so much tenderness." "I shall never see you again," the mother had said. Pathos, as well as mystery and danger, had entered into the fugitive's life, and in those days, when "sensibility" and "sentiment" were a duty as well as a luxury, I think he would mark with tears his "dim and perilous way."

Palissy stands the great tragical figure in the history of ceramics, but Billingsley seems the more pathetic to me. When he fled he changed his name, and, as "Mr. Beeley" he was to know every kind of privation and sorrow. Late in the year 1808 Sarah Billingsley, then twenty-five years old, wrote to her mother with great secrecy, addressing the letter to a third hand,

mentioning no names, using initials only, and both wafering down and sealing what she wrote. Expressed in the style of a period older than 1808, the letter reads quaintly to-day. The four inlanders, far from their mountainous Midland shire, had come very near real shipwreck, it appears. "Your prayers, my Dear Mother, are heard," the letter says, "and we are again in our Native Country after experiencing very great hardships which would fill pages to recount. I don't recollect whether I told you that after the Storm and we got into Harbor I durst not venture on Shipboard again but preferred walking between 50 and 60 miles. I thought your last words were prophetic when you said you should never see us more. I had a thousand anxious fears for you. I was doubtful whether you would ever hear of our fate, on account of the name we went by"—the *alias* of these pilgrims of porcelain and love.

It is impossible to be sure of what had happened to the Billingsleys in their exodus so far. But I think they would have struck south from Derby through Cannock Chase to the Staffordshire potteries, where the Davenports were making china at that date. Then, disappointed of employment, they would make for the porcelain potteries of the West, going to Worcester first, and at first almost fruitlessly, no doubt. So, coming to the Severn mouth, they would take a coaster bound for Swansea, where porcelain of a kind was then being made. The storm which scared Sarah Billingsley would come upon them in the Bristol Channel, and the little ship would run for Newport or Cardiff; whence the four would trudge the "50 or 60 miles" to Swansea, only to be disappointed again. Billingsley would then write to the famous firm of Barr, Flight and Barr, at Worcester, accepting the wages—"very low for a good hand" as his daughter said—which he had at first refused;

he certainly did write to the firm to beg "a little Money" for the journey to Worcester. The wanderers made that journey afoot, "all the way Back, which in the whole amounted to near 400 miles," Sarah Billingsley informed her mother. It need not be "near 400 miles" from Swansea to Worcester, of course, but dread of arrest would cause the wanderers to avoid the more direct and public highways; and thus one sees them toiling northward from Cardiff, up the Taff valley, past the hamlet of Nantgarw, and so rounding to Worcester and their "Native Country" through the wild glens of midland Wales.

At Worcester the Billingsley rose began to flower again, and the collector finds it on Barr, Flight and Barr ware, on tea-things and dessert-services chiefly, often in floriated panels or "reserves" set in borders of blurred and blackish blue, or nestling *inside* the cups. But the rose is not in its full glory; there was a lack of heart in Billingsley's art at this period; the free and impressionist style persisted, but the zest and zeal for perfection had waned. Yet the flowers which fell from his brush so took the eye of the other painters that even at Worcester he founded a school. But he was only a "hand" again, his pay at first "little better than that of the common hands," and the cost of living at Worcester was found to be "so extremely high, that with every frugality," Sarah Billingsley wrote, she could lay by no money to send to her mother. "I wish, my Dear Mother, I had it in my power, but I hope, when our wages come to be settled and Mr. W. gets work, I shall be able to send you something to come to us." The two girls had found work in the factory, "Mr. W." was Samuel Walker, whom Sarah was to marry; he, too, had followed Billingsley through all, with devotion that speaks well for both.

Background to these humble affairs,

the most world-shaking events were occurring; but Billingsley sat absorbed in plans for the perfect porcelain, and almost inconsciously painting the rose. The Reign of Terror had raged while he was trying his first recipe for a hard, white, translucent paste, at Derby, and about the time he took ship for Swansea Napoleon had entered Spain. So now, while the Army of Moscow in rags and jags drifts westward, the potter-painter (like Napoleon) plans a new effort, a fresh start. In 1813 the Billingsleys and Samuel Walker took to the road clandestinely again; they had a new reason for secrecy, and they made for lonely Nantgarw.

Nantgarw was then a hamlet of five or six houses, solitary amidst hills. They were coal hills, and I daresay Billingsley's imagination saw them all consumed in huge kilns, which were to rise for the firing of a world-pervasive perfect porcelain, that should penetrate to Peking itself; for Nantgarw stood conveniently placed for water-carriage, on a canal that reached to a port, the port of Cardiff, some seven or eight miles away. During his first journey in Wales, Billingsley had noted the fitness of Nantgarw for concealing yet aiding the enterprise of an outlawed potter, and he would approach the place in high hope the second time. For he was now in funds again. Somehow or other, in part, perhaps, by revealing to the Chamberlains of Worcester—rivals of Flight and Barr—suggestions which enabled them later to mix the compost for their beautiful "Regent" china; in part almost certainly by conveying hints to Mr. Rose, of the Coalport China Works; and in part, beyond doubt, by building two kilns "on the new or reverberating principle," Billingsley and Walker had got together capital with which to build kilns of their own. For that purpose they went to Nantgarw.

The cones of the Nantgarw pottery may still be seen from the Taft Valley Railway as you travel from Cardiff northward, and the eyes of the illuminati rest on them with pity and sympathy, for it was at Nantgarw that Billingsley cast his last throws against Fate and definitely lost the game. He was a persistent idealist, and for persistency and idealism which end in success there is never a lack of applause; but also

tears to human suffering are due,  
And mortal hopes defeated and o'er-  
thrown.

Billingsley approached Nantgarw the second time with two hundred and fifty pounds in his fob. Shilling by shilling the precious little capital had been gathered together. Sarah Billingsley—Sarah Walker she was by this—would lament that none of this almost fabulous store of wealth should be spent on bringing the mother to the wedding and the common life of the family again; but that is ever your inventor's way. Mrs. Billingsley might weep like a Hecuba at Derby, but what was Hecuba to him? Neither Hecuba nor the great doings of Wellington in Spain just then would occupy Billingsley's mind a minute; for him the engrossing thing was at Nantgarw to mix and fire the porcelain of his dreams.

He mixed and fired the nearest thing to his ideal porcelain at last. The paste and glaze of Nantgarw china have been compared with falling snow, a clarified silvery fluid just crystallized. Nantgarw ware was made of fusible glass mixed in with just as much finely-powdered non-fusible white matter as the glass would take up and hold; and no porcelain so thin and shining, so blanched and translucent, has ever been made elsewhere. The wanderer's porcelain inspired his brush again, and the Billingsley roses never flowered more beautifully eglantine than they

did in the Vale of Nantgarw; there is something of April in the ware and all of June in the rose. With what delight, with what pride and zest, the artist in the man would set to work on what the potter in him had produced! Seven "Nantgarw" plates of Billingsley's painting were recently sold for 97l., and one of these poems in porcelain has been bought for as much as twenty-six guineas. But when the ware was new it failed to hold the market. The compost was brittle, and "nine-tenths of the articles were either shivered or injured in shape" by the heat of the kiln. Nantgarw table-ware turned out to be "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," and the purely ornamental pieces cost much to make and were rarely sold. Writing himself "William Beeley," the artist-potter memorialized the Government for patronage, but that was no better a time for national subsidies to the arts than is our own. Within six months the tiny pottery at Nantgarw had used up the tiny capital, and a partner had to be found. The partner brought in 600l.; but after a while "the concern was again in danger of sinking, when an agreement was entered into with the proprietor of the Swansea pottery, and the work was removed there."

The proprietor of the "Cambrian Pottery" at Swansea was Mr. L. W. Dillwyn, "a botanist of some note and an author of some repute in natural history subjects"; one sees him welcome a fellow-idealist in Billingsley. So now for a time the kilns at Nantgarw stand cold, and "can this beautiful white compost be strengthened and hardened?" is the problem at Swansea. But again the experiments failed. Between the trial and re-trial firings Billingsley painted and taught to paint; there is a special impasto in the enamel of the Swansea "Billingsley" rose. But the perfect porcelain was still the chief aim, and "Another try, sir—a little more



money?" would be Billingsley's constant appeal. Maybe he was on the edge of success the day the thunder-bolt came, through the post. "While endeavoring to strengthen and improve this beautiful body," Mr. Dillwyn related afterwards, "I was surprised at receiving a notice from Messrs. Flight and Barr of Worcester, charging the parties calling themselves Walker and Beeley with having clandestinely left an engagement at their works, and forbidding me to employ them. Flight and Barr in the most gentlemanly way convinced me that this granular body"—soft china has a granular fracture, like lump sugar—"could never be made any use, and as it was not worth their while to prosecute them, the runaways went back to Nantgarw."

That was in 1817, and the staggering Billingsley received two other blows that year; in January the faithful Sarah died, and in September died Lavinia. On the day of this second bereavement the father wrote to his wife a letter marked by blots and erasures, that spoke his anguish of mind. "My sufferings are now arrived at the highest pitch of Misery. Our dearest Lavinia is taken away from me, the only prop I had left." He was now "a distress'd inconsolable mortal never more to be happy. Think, oh think, what troubles I have! But all my other troubles are as nothing compared with the severe loss of my dearest children, whom no man ador'd more." The note of pathos and tragedy sounds through the stilted eighteenth-century style.

Back at Nantgarw, he made a fresh and heroic endeavor, but three years later he stood midst his cold kilns and the utter ruin of his hopes: two thousand pounds of capital, subscribed by "gentlemen of the County," had been sunk in vain. He went to Coalport

for a living, as a "hand" again. Mr. John Rose, of the china works there, had promised that at Coalport his revised and re-revised recipe for the perfect porcelain should be tried. Tried it was, but again it failed, in its last chance; and thenceforward the beautiful Billingsley china, no more renewed, was to waste and lessen in quantity by kitchen breakages, and only out of long neglect and suppression win at last to a niche beside the treasured "Chelsea" ware itself. Billingsley did not live to see that triumph, and bitter it must have been for him to know that at Coalport, and at Swansea also, his recipes were modifying pastes which were not to be associated with his name. But his brush remained to him: I think he sometimes painted on Bloor china, which would reach him by stage-wagon from Derby. Certainly at Coalport he founded a school, and thus through the influence of that famous pottery he came to transform the styles of china-painting all over England, and even abroad: so vivid and life-giving is art, though "the potter tempering soft earth" may fail.

In the year 1826 Mrs. Billingsley died: there is no evidence that she had ever seen her daughters or her husband since they fled away, eighteen years before. In 1828 Billingsley himself expired, in a little house "near the works at Coalport, on the Shifnal road," and all seemed ended: the Nantgarw kilns stood deserted, the pilgrim of porcelain was gathered into the great compost himself. But fame for his shade has come, and still in cabinet and gallery, on plate and saucer, cup and dish, spill-case and vase and bowl, blooms in time-heightened beauty and value the incomparable, the ineffable, the Billingsley rose.

*J. H. Yorall, M.P.*



**MATE IN TWO MOVES.**

There is a delusion abroad in the world that chess is a game of Persian origin, but you would do well not to advance this meagre hypothesis in Altpoppendorf. For Altpoppendorf will have much pleasure in proving unto you with hammering gutturals—with hammering fists if you are too dense—that you have simply confounded the two predicative adjectives, Persian and Prussian. The first article of the Altpoppendorffian "*Quicumque vult*" is, that *schach*—or chess—was invented at Altpoppendorf; and those who make a show of not accepting this clause are unpopular at Altpoppendorf.

When you go to Altpoppendorf you can easily acquire and maintain the impression that you have walked into chessland. The village is set in a shallow saucer of a plain that is devoted to the raising of flowers for seed, and up to the close horizon in all directions are laid vast glaring squares of startling variety of hue. The cubical houses, with their white plaster and black timber walls, have the look of fancy chess pieces set ready for some competition of giants. And walking in this land of right angles,—the acute and obtuse variations are unrecognized in Altpoppendorf,—and influenced by the "*Quicumque vult*" of the village, you would not be greatly surprised to see a gigantic thumb and forefinger come out of the clouds, take up by its waist the old gray church tower, and set it down with a thunderous "*Check!*" in a square of marigolds or hollyhocks, or some other flower that is out of men's minds for the year anywhere but at Altpoppendorf.

The moral atmosphere is even more richly impregnated than the material with the fine flavor of the noblest of games. The very childhood's "*Hüp-*

*spiel*," or hopscotch, takes on the importance of a sixty-four square complication, and chess is in Altpoppendorf an integral part of the primary education. When the infants of Altpoppendorf wend their way of an early morning hour towards the village school,—in long hand-linked files, looking with their light flaxen plaits or close-cropped little round white skulls, their china-bull eyes, and their print garments of faint hue, as if their over-zealous mothers had scrubbed all the color out of them,—the last question shot from the home door after the retreating *Hänschen* or *Gretchen* is, "*Hast thou then man's chessboard?*"

A child who at eight years of age does not know as many openings, is sighed over as one who is pitifully backward with the "*Einmaleins*"—the "*once one is one*"—of life. A sound theoretical and practical knowledge of chess, among other things, is demanded of those who present themselves for the degree of confirmation, which in the Fatherland is rather an entrance into this world than a first independent step towards the next, and may therefore without impropriety be accorded as fitly for proficiency in a noble and highly logical game as for the mechanical repetition of "*Vaterunser*" and the articles of faith. Chess is the Altpoppendorffian's main business of life from his cradle, where he endeavors to suck the color out of a coral pawn, to that last tussle with Death, finest of combatants, against whom no man has ever scored so much as a drawn game. And as your skilful player stereotypes more and more opening moves, till at the end he can leap over fifteen or twenty of these and come without vain preliminaries to the heart of the matter, so it is with the Altpoppendorffian in his social relations.

He is chary of words and salutations, does not talk about the weather, and when he has business in a shop, he walks squarely in (castle move), lays a finger on the article he desires, and names his price. If that is not acceptable, he retires,—by the castle move again.

Of course Altpoppendorf has its chess legend, which may be said to be composed of fact and fancy in about equal proportions. Here is the legend as I read it in that old volume of which the pages are memories and traditions, and the book-markers the centuries.

There was much important bustle about the doors of the Altpoppendorf hostelry of the Golden Eagle one spring afternoon, for the Lady Abbess of Quedlinburg had alighted from her litter at the inn door and was enjoying a short repose in the great guest-chamber. Things have quieted down again by now, for that was some three hundred years ago.

The Abbess was a great lady. She was of high, most transparent, birth, for her brother was no other than the Herzog Adalbert von Gllzum, of whom most people have probably never heard, though he was a very considerable person in his way for all that. He could not have been otherwise; for the Abbey of Quedlinburg was rich and powerful, and the Lady Abbess had sway over the rock of Quedlinburg with the Abbey and Castle perched on the top of it, over the town crouching humbly at its feet, and over the wide fertile plain that rock and Castle commanded. And there can be no doubt that the Herzog Adalbert von Gllzum, who could acquire such an appanage for his sister in the teeth of the fiercest competition, was a potentate of great power and influence.

You must not, however, be too quick to envy her Grace the Lady Abbess Dorothea von Gllzum her transparent

birth and her proud position. As she reclined in the great guest-chamber, with her eyes closed and her white hands folded over the Book of Hours on her lap, she was thinking more of the cares of office than of its splendor,—as empty of comfort these latter as the brilliants encrusted in the covers of the devotional volume. Of all her anxieties, the one that recurred most persistently to her mind was that connected with the Graf Albrecht von Regenstein, the most unruly of her vassals, who exercised the honorable profession of Raubritter,—Gentleman-Brigand as you might say,—and from his almost impregnable aerie harried her tenants, intercepted her revenues, and laid violent hands on the merchants journeying under her protection between Magdeburg and Halberstadt and her town of Quedlinburg. You may still see the nest of this mountain eagle or vulture, the Graf von Regenstein, his palace hewn out of the hard sandstone, and the deep well in which the captive merchants sat waiting for death or remittances. A Biergarten—sweet horticultural development!—now graces the spot, and where horrors were done or planned, the stout Herr and Housfrau play the eternal “Skat,” unmindful of the past. But the Lady Abbess had no such lighter associations of the Regenstein rock to cheer her reflections, into which there entered rather a vision of her gallows of Quedlinburg with a Gentleman-Brigand dangling thereon. And yet, alas! he was such a presentable man, this wicked, troublesome Graf Albrecht von Regenstein!

You have probably conceived of the Lady Abbess as an aged and venerable person, weaned by time if not by grace from the vanities of earth and royal courts, and stopping up with a tardy zeal the devotional gaps in a long life of frivolity or high politics. If so, you have formed an entirely wrong impres-

sion; for, let me tell you, there are Lady Abbesses and Lady Abbesses, and Dorothea von Gilzum was still young, still very fair, and, with that, gentle and womanly. Her youth was, of course, not against her, for the faculty of command is hereditary; and even if youth is a fault, the Lady Abbess made atonement in due course. For she lived to a good age: you can see her portrait as a handsome old dame in the Installation Room of the Castle of Quedlinburg, where the lines of the marvellous parquet radiate out from the chair of state to figure the gracious influence that emanated from its occupant. It brings this great lady somewhat nearer to me to know that she painted in oils as shockingly as I should do, had I the mind. In a room, which a glorious Dutch oven renders worthy of more artistic things, they still show one of her productions. In this picture *Dellah*,—and is it not touching to find the simple young Abbess illustrating in oils the life of an extremely improper person?—*Dellah* in fifteenth-century costume is represented as shearing most conscientiously the head of a very anæmic Samson. And despite its glaring errors of design and execution, the picture is, for the memory of the reverend young artist, pathetic and lovable.

Some hours before sunset the Lady Abbess decided to order her litter and continue her journey, for she had still a matter of four leagues to cover before she reached her Castle of Quedlinburg, and even with an armed escort the roads were none too safe, more especially in the night and in the neighborhood of a turbulent Albrecht von Regenstein. The Abbess had just put her hand to her silver bell when one of her ladies entered and asked if her Grace would receive his Excellency the Domherr Heinsius of Halberstadt. Now the Bishop of Halberstadt was a mighty prince, temporal and spiritual,

in the days before the power of Rome was upset by one Dr. Martin Luther, and the Cathedral Canons—the Domherren—were powers too. It would never do to deny his Excellency an audience; and, moreover, Dorothea von Gilzum had a pretty girlish curiosity to see him, for he had but newly come to the cathedral, and his piety and learning were much spoken of. So she intimated that he should be introduced, meaning to set out on her way in no later than half an hour, Dr. Heinsius or no Dr. Heinsius.

The Domherr entered, and the Lady Abbess had all she could do not to cry out aloud. For she had expected an aged, somewhat decrepid, churchman, bowed with the weight of years and learning, and here was a tall young priest with the face of an angel—and a commanding face—so that she, mistress of life and death in her district of Quedlinburg, lady paramount of so many vassals, spiritual and temporal, was silent, and almost confused before this young Canon of Halberstadt.

Dr. Heinsius explained that, being on his way back afoot to Halberstadt from a village where he had had business, he had heard that her Grace was lying at the Golden Eagle of Altpendorf, and had ventured, journey-stained as he was, to turn aside from the field paths to pay his respects to her. The Lady Abbess invited the Canon to a seat, and they spoke on and on of many things till the sun was near the horizon. And the Abbess had not yet ordered her litter, for the voice of the young Domherr was like the chiming across the fields of the tenor bell of Halberstadt, and his face was the face of an angel.

Then the eyes of Dr. Heinsius chanced on the Abbess's chessboard, without which she never stirred,—a marvel of silver and ebony, with ivory pieces, that had come overland from China, and had taken two years in

the coming. And the Domherr confessing that he had deeply studied and loved the game, as the highest and purest of all intellectual exercises, they set out the board. The Lady Abbess was renowned for her skill far beyond the limits of her suzerainty, but here she had met an adversary who taxed all her powers. The sun sank below the horizon, and still the mules of the Abbess drowsed in their stalls.

On and on they played, the young Abbess and the young Domherr. The candles that were brought in and set by them enveloped in their golden light the two noble, serious faces and the chessboard and chessmen of marvellous workmanship, and threw restless shadows back up the dark length of the great guest-chamber. All around was the silence of night. When at last one of the candles flickered out in its sconce, the Lady Abbess rose with a gesture of amazement and went to the window. She drew back the curtain, and the clean light of a spring sunrise flooded the room, turning the golden flame of the candles to a sickly fire.

And there was no one but herself in the great guest-chamber!

Only perhaps the outline, fading like a mist on the air, of a tall standing form and an angelic face.

The Abbess rang for her ladies, who came all red-eyed and peevish with sleeplessness. To her inquiries they gave answers that filled her with astonishment. For they assured her that no Domherr, or Herr indeed of any kind, had come to visit her; that, bringing candles to the guest-chamber, they had found her Grace engaged with her chessboard, as if studying some problem; that she had seemed not to hear them when they had hinted at evening bread; and that so they had left her Grace to her meditations. The host, too, knew nothing of the visit of Dr. Heinsius. In great perplexity the Lady Abbess ordered her litter and set

out for home. And when she was come near half way, one rode up to tell her that the Graf Albrecht von Regenstein had set an ambush in her road on the previous evening, determined to take her and hold her to ransom. He had waited till sunrise, when, supposing that she had wind of his scheme, and had gone by another path, he had ridden back to his rock of Regenstein with his army of cut-throats.

Then the Abbess turned off the direct way and rode to Halberstadt. There she called upon the Lord Bishop, and begged him—it was a matter of idle curiosity: she had heard so much talk—to present the new Domherr, Dr. Heinsius, to her. My lord in some astonishment sent for the canon, assuring her Grace with a smile that her expectation might be disappointed. When Dr. Heinsius came, the Lady Abbess found him to be a little, old, bent churchman, with very bad manners and not too cleanly. After he was gone, she told my lord her vision of the night, for a vision it certainly was. And it was evident to both of them that her journey had been hindered by a heavenly messenger, the holy St. Ambrose in all probability, for he was her Grace's patron saint.

The Abbess presented to the host of the Golden Eagle of Altpoppendorf her curious chessboard and chessmen, and they are still to be seen on the occasion of the quinquennial chess tournaments, held for three hundred years in their honor, in the great guest-chamber of the hostelry where her Grace had the miraculous vision. At one end of the room hangs a large portrait of her Grace, another of her favors bestowed on the Golden Eagle.

As for the audacious Gentleman-Brigand of Regenstein, the Lady Abbess let the trumpet be sounded twice before each of the hostelries where her captains lay. Her captains led the

vassals of Quedlinburg against the Regenstein rock and took it, for all its boasted impregnability. They carried the Graf Albrecht to Quedlinburg, and there they built a great wooden cage for him up in the top stories of the Rathaus, where you may still see it. In this cage the Graf von Regenstein sat gnashing his teeth, and trying to cut his way out with a small knife: they show you the notches in the hard oak. But after twenty months the Lady Abbess let the Graf go free,—for indeed he was a most personable man!—under an oath which he made no weak show of keeping.

It is said that the Graf von Regenstein, Raubritter, proposed himself in marriage to her Grace of Quedlinburg; and, if he did, she refused him. A Lady Abbess does not marry a Gentleman-Brigand, especially after she has played chess all night with a heavenly messenger.

It would never do for the chief of the Altpoppendorfiens, his Worship the Schultheiss, the representative of the village that has such a legend, not to be a leading chess power; and Herr Schmalz, who was in office twenty years ago from this date, was in this respect quite up to the level of his position. He was a small, meagre, light-haired man, of indefinite complexion, with a little Vandyck beard and a scissor-hacked flaxen moustache: he wore gold spectacles, and he walked on his toes with an elastic action. This action was the minor cause of his nickname of "*Der Springer*," which not only means what it seems to the English eye to mean, but also in chess parlance "*The Knight*." In its metaphorical signification this nickname was no honorable one, for it implied that the Worshipful Schultheiss had advanced through life by the knight's move—a tricky if artistic one. When Knight Schmalz "*sprang*," his neighbors never

knew exactly where he would land or over what lines he would travel: the benevolent or malicious ends of his conduct could not be calculated. The former were discounted by a series of preliminary exasperations; the reverse were rendered doubly obnoxious by the memory of the kindly sentiments that had preceded them. The fact of it was that Herr Schmalz had a crease in his character, and he would have been a happier man if nature, instead of this moral endowment, had fitted him out with a club-foot or a Cyrano de Bergerac nose. Herr Schmalz had made and inherited money, and had returned to his native Altpoppendorf, where he had accepted the office of Schultheiss on condition that he was not to be disturbed in it for life. This condition was readily granted, as there is no fevered competition for a post of which the chief duties are the conscientious and rectilinear affixing to a wall of governmental and other notices, the equitable distribution of small fines, and the personal inspection of the village open drain; the only emolument, a fairly free hand with postage-stamps and official note-paper. So Herr Schmalz was Worshipful Schultheiss for life, and not very much was asked of him, as you have seen; but Altpoppendorf demanded of him that he should know all about chess. This Herr Schmalz did—there was no gain-saying it, and his Worship the Schultheiss was the embodied law, the walking book of reference, in the great room of the "*Silver Board*," to which the Golden Eagle had changed its name after the vision of the Lady Abbess of Quedlinburg, and its very gratifying result for the village hostelry.

Frau Schmalz was a lady who very early in her life had been pushed to the margin of the board of Life, and did not seem very likely to get back into play again. Not very likely and not the least anxious. Providence



had bestowed on her its two greatest gifts—incapacity to shine and indifference to shining.

The third and last member, according to the crabbed historian's reckoning, was the one whom the Altpoppendorfer swains placed first and foremost in it—the charming Fräulein Klara Schmalz. And, indeed, on Life's chess-board Klara was of right a queen, for youth and beauty have their immemorial incontestable prerogatives, and all the grace that we seniors can attain to lies in the bow with which we accept our quite secondary position. Klara was delicious in her summer muslins and straw hats; she was equally delicious in her winter homespun, great red-lined cloaks, and reckless tam-o'-shanters; and countless lyrics on Schillerian lines, with appropriate similes,—among which that of the Gracious White Chess-queen came forward with the regularity of the cuckoo on a Swiss clock,—fluttered on to the path of this fair young thing, Klärchen, with the dark, wide-open, solemn eyes, as yet half afraid to smile back at Life smiling so gaily at her. She had queen's moves—straightforward practical advances and diagonal flights of sentiment and fancy. For the first, she possessed the grit and solid sense of her nation in a high degree: she would swing up the Brocken like a man, twirling lightly the traditional Wanderstab—pilgrim's staff; and she had banished herself for a year to the kitchens of a great Harz hotel, that when it came to her having a kitchen of her own she might be mistress there, and not a tolerated intruder. As for those diagonal moves of fancy and sentiment, the girl had looked lightly along one or two of them during the five years of her school life in a small provincial town, where gay Gymnasiasts—mere schoolboys to outward view, but graybeards of the world to their own consciousness—had fluttered and

sighed about the doors of the "Penslon," and played their innocent pranks that are not, strange as it may seem, taken any account of in the Prussian Criminal Code, of which men say the first article is "Alles ist verboten,"—"everything is forbidden." And now, one broiling July, Klara was at home for good, waiting for the great move of her life, and praying that Heinrich Hesselbarth might be inspired to play king to her queen.

Heinrich Hesselbarth, on his side, was only too ready to move. But there were certain obstacles in his way.

Only a few days before, old Herr Kantor Garsuch had died. The title of Kantor—or precentor—dates from the days when the village schoolmaster was organist first and pedagogue second: now his educational duties claim his chief attention, and he leads the worship of "unser Herrgott" when he has time or is not on the Brocken. Some predecessor of Kantor Garsuch had quaintly indicated his attitude towards his double office by inscribing on the gallery door of the church the text, "My mouth shall sing the praises of the Lord," and underneath the words, "Closed during the school examinations and vacations." And of another dimmer predecessor it has been put on record that so little worth did he attach to his sacred duties that he stole from the church a great wooden statue of St. John, and lit the school fire with "Jögli," for the weather was bitter and "Jögli" seemed to be superfluous. Kantor Garsuch had been an indifferent precentor, a passable schoolmaster, and a chess-player without reproach. Altpoppendorf still speaks in its humid moments of a game that the Herr Kantor and the Worshipful Schultheiss played and drew during one school holidays—a game that Altpoppendorf, in its simple way, tots up to one hundred and seventeen Schoppen, or tankards, and twice that number of



eight-pfennig cigars. Now Death, the great Springer, whose moves are formulated in no chess annual, had taken old Kantor Garsuch and put him away with all the other captured pieces in the little Friedhof. And Herr Assistant-Kantor Heinrich Hesselbarth hoped to reign in his stead.

When, three years before, Herr Garsuch was considered to have got beyond his work, Heinrich Hesselbarth had been sent down to assist him. Hesselbarth was then a man of twenty-two, nervous and excitable, whose constitution had been too severely tried by over-pressure and under-feeding in boyhood, the rigorous training for his profession, and the exertions of military service. It was perhaps only the excitement of his life that had kept him in it at all, for, with a hysterical nature like his, there is no mean of existence between the extremes of absolute vegetation and the hurry-scurry of physical and mental activity. He was of a romantic nature, and probably the science of the future will analyze the romantic tendency as a common rash following and relieving an undue taxation of the nervous system. Certainly creatures of calm, torpid existence exhibit no such symptoms. When he came to Altpoppendorf, the romance of his nature found its outlet in an admiration that grew to love for the charming Fräulein Klara. Nobly, in the stillness of his room, did he tear his passion to rags, this tall, lean youth, with wild blue eyes and light hair tossed in confusion about a shapely head. Queen Klara, as we know, thought very favorably of him, mentioned him in her "Abendgebet," and sighed about him to the moon. For marvellous was the contrast of those stormy blue eyes of his with the fine, ascetic lines of his face. King Heinrich, too, was the only intellectual equal of Queen Klara here in this quiet village of Altpoppendorf, which, if it

gave chess to the world, exhausted itself mentally for good and all in the effort.

There was but one obstacle to Hesselbarth's succession to the Kantorship of Altpoppendorf, but that was a serious one. He was a comparatively poor hand at the noble Prussian game. Elsewhere he might have passed muster, but here, on the very temple steps, his miserable inferiority could not escape observation. He was only too conscious of his weakness. He remembered how more than once he had failed ignominiously to solve the weekly problems preliminary to confirmation set by Herr Garsuch to the upper classes, and what disgraceful defeats he had sustained at the hands of the scholars whom it should have been the pride and privilege of his position to put to a friendly rout. He had no head for the thing, though he had worked at it till his brow was red-hot iron and his feet two blocks of ice, and he had been obliged to restore his circulation to its normal course by warm footbaths. It was a serious matter for him: it was everything for him. The Worshipful Schultheiss did not indeed appoint the Kantor, but his recommendation had the greatest weight; and would he recommend a man whose knowledge of openings was ludicrous, and to whom he could give a castle? If Hesselbarth was not appointed, he must leave Altpoppendorf: that was nothing. He must leave Klara,—there was desolation in its most horrid shape! Can you wonder that the poor fellow upbraided the memory of her Grace of Quedlinburg, who had done such an inconsiderate thing for Altpoppendorf, and looked with hostility on her Grace's portrait that hung in the great guest-chamber of the inn?

Heinrich Hesselbarth was sitting, on a sweltering July afternoon, in the half-dismantled schoolhouse of Altpoppendorf a few days after the funeral of

old Herr Garsuch, wondering what destiny had in store for him. Blissful dreams alternated with dismal visions,—dreams of Klara and love; visions of unhappy, purposeless exile. A loud rap broke in upon his reflections, and when he went to the door there was Paul Hiemer, grinning over the top of a note from the Schultheiss. Heinrich disliked almost involuntarily this Paul Hiemer, the pride of the school, the infant chess prodigy; and he had never been able to satisfy himself whether this dislike had its foundation in the youth's unctuous manner or in his superior knowledge and employment of chess openings. But to-day, when all Hesselbarth's nerves were fine-wire filaments, tense and red-hot, the face of the boy jarred him painfully. He took the note without a word, and closed the door sharply upon the astonished messenger.

"Very greatly honored Herr Assistant-Kantor Hesselbarth," ran the note, "can you give me the solution of the following problem?—White, so-and-so; black, so-and-so. White to play and mate in two moves.—Yours, Schmalz, Schultheiss."

Hesselbarth got down his board and set out the pieces. White to play and mate in two moves. It looked easy enough; but in an hour all the blood had gone to Heinrich's head, and he had not yet found the solution.

He pushed back his chair, catching for breath, and went to the window. The heat of the day was overpowering; there was an intolerable buzzing in the stagnant air; burning breaths came in from the torrid harvest-fields; and a blinding glare beat up from the white dust and cobbles of the village street. The great seed-flower beds stretched their rectangles of blazing, torturing color to the quivering horizon. Nowhere in this slake-oven of a world was there rest for aching eyes and hissing brain and panting lungs. And here

on this day of merciless heat he was set to play against destiny, against a black, hostile destiny that had pursued him through the early years of high pressure and semi-starvation, through long night-wrestlings with complicated, uncongenial, unpractical subjects of study, and through the too cruel tortures of the military service. Two moves! Klara, position: those were the two moves. If he could make them, his *Life's Problem* was solved: the White had beaten the Black for good and all. He went back to the table and sat before the board. But the heat-demon rose up at him and laid its searing fingers on his brain; his eyes swam in a tide of blood; and the chess pieces came confusedly out of a red mist, monstrous, writhing, and distorted semblances of old Herr Kantor Garsuch, of the Worshipful Schultheiss, of the unctuous, grinning Paul Hiemer, of her Grace of Quedlinburg,—all pressing in between him and a sweet, cooling vision of a girlish face with lips half open. . . .

Now the Worshipful Schultheiss had begun this day from a square of the foulest temper, under the influence of which he had sat down and composed a particularly nasty chess problem for the benefit of the person upon whom he should decide to vent his spite. Then an irritating and pressing business matter had brought the Herr Springer on to a second square of foul temper, and caused him to subtract a white pawn from the problem,—which was thus no problem, but a heartless snare,—and to send it to Herr Heinrich Hesselbarth by the hands of Paul Hiemer. "The fraud is so palpable," said the Herr Springer to himself, "that even a good fool like Hesselbarth cannot be taken in by it; and if he is, then he does not have my recommendation, that's all. We have never had an idiot here at Altpoppendorf, and,

donnerwetter! we are not going to begin now."

But after his siesta and his four o'clock coffee, the Worshipful Schultheiss, springing at a tangent, lit on a benevolent square. He put on his great straw hat and called to his daughter Klara to come with him. They went together down the village street, where the children were languidly resting under dark doorways from the protracted delights of the Long Holidays. The westerling sun was lengthening the shadows, and the tired oxen came lumbering in placidly from the fields. It was a peaceful scene; and down from the Harz stole cool evening air-currents, promising invigorating slumbers to sore-tried mortals.

The Worshipful Schultheiss took his way to the schoolhouse and went up the steps to the door on his toe-tips. He knocked, gently, loud, louder; but no answer came. Then he stealthily turned the handle and peered in. He looked back over his shoulder with a smile and beckoned Klara to come up. They stood together for a moment on the threshold, the little dried-up old man and the fresh young girl. The Assistant-Kantor had fallen across the table with his head upon his arms, the chessboard pushed to one side and the pieces tumbled anyhow on it.

"Hesselbarth," said the Worshipful Schultheiss, pulling off his great straw hat, for the remembrance of the heat of the day came suddenly upon him, "I wanted to explain. It was a little jest, that problem, you know. But, Hesselbarth, Hessel-ba-a-r-th!"

There was still no answer. Herr Schmalz smiled again at his daughter, and walked with his Springer action across the room.

"Hesselbarth," he said, standing over the young man and shaking his shoulder, "it was a little joke, I say."

Heinrich Hesselbarth raised his head

slowly and looked at the Worshipful Schultheiss. There was something in the young man's eye that brought home in a flash to Herr Schmalz's mind the execrable taste of the practical joke, even when connected with the noblest of games.

"Little joke, eh?" said Hesselbarth confusedly. "Why then, that is one of your accursed chess humors, I see. And," he added with a startling grimace, "you want my answer. Well, take it."

He jumped to his feet and caught up the chessboard, from which the pieces went flying in a black and white hail all over the room. Herr Schmalz would have fled, but surprise and fright chained him there to the consequences of his little jest. Up and up went the board in the Assistant-Kantor's lean, nervous arms; up and up so high and so long that the Worshipful Schultheiss had time to think of all his sins and to repent of the majority of them. Then it reached its zenith and descended with terrible force and rapidity flat on the Herr Springer's head. The Worshipful Schultheiss went to earth in a heap.

Hesselbarth threw himself down in his chair, shrieking with laughter.

"It looks like one of those Chinese punishments," he gasped, pointing to Herr Schmalz, who was sitting half dazed on the ground with the ruined frame of the chessboard about his neck, and the blood making picturesque little red streaks in his light hair at twenty different points.

"Doesn't it, Klärchen?" asked Heinrich, for she had come in and was kneeling by her father. "You know; you have seen the pictures. Oh, it is . . . it is . . ."

Then suddenly the grim meaning of the situation dawned on his fevered understanding.

"Klärchen, love, what have I done?" he cried.

And he whimpered weakly.

But Herr Schmalz had come to himself—that better self of his that he and his neighbors had somewhat lost sight of for a considerable number of years: such a salutary working had the shock already had on that crease in his character.

"Never mind, Hesselbarth," he said; "you haven't hurt me. And it served me right. I was a fool. I won't remember this, and I promise I will do my best for you in every way."

And he kept his word.

Some years after this an article appeared in "The Magdeburg Times," throwing doubt on the immemorial claims of Altpoppendorf to the invention of chess. The anonymous author proceeded to pooh-pooh Altpoppendorf's chess legend, and advanced one of a different complexion to the following effect:—

In the evening of the day on which that Graf Albrecht von Regenstein. Raubritter, proposed to carry into effect the abduction of her Grace of Quedlinburg, a stranger rode up to the gates of the Castle of Regenstein and asked for an audience with the lord of the stronghold. Introduced into the Raubritter's presence, he recounted that the fame of his lordship's prowess at chess had come to his ears, and, being of the mind to try a bout with such a renowned champion of the noble game, he had turned aside from his road in the hope that his lordship would not

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

disappoint him of a trial of skill. Graf Albrecht was at that season in want of a worthy opponent, for he had been unfortunate enough lately, when in his cups, to hang his chaplain,—the only one of his suite who could bring things even to a draw against him. So the board was laid out, and the Raubritter and the Stranger set to. They played all night; and when the sun rose—her Grace the Abbess being now safe within her walls—the mysterious Unknown vanished,—not so quickly, however, but Graf Albrecht had recognized in the strong morning light the grinning and distorted countenance of his late chaplain. And when the attendants came in to their master, his hair was white.

The anonymous writer was refuted with great skill and boldness by the Herr Kantor Heinrich Hesselbarth of Altpoppendorf, son-in-law of his Worship the Herr Schultheiss Schmalz. The Herr Kantor, who, by the way, is renowned for his skill as a chess-player beyond the bounds of his village,—they say at Altpoppendorf that his wife has made him what he is, and he does not deny it,—drove the nameless enemy in disgraceful rout. The history of the discussion is too long to enter into here; but, generally speaking, Herr Hesselbarth showed conclusively that the new-found legend was never drawn from that old volume of which the pages are memories and traditions, and the book-markers the centuries.

*Charles Oliver.*

## THE SECOND DUMA.

For the second time in twelve months, Russia has passed through an experience unique in the history of representative institutions. She has held a general election under martial

law. The event, which has turned out to be a decisive victory for the popular parties, gives one proof the more of the political precocity of the Russian masses, and of their adaptability

to conditions which would have stricken any Western democracy with despair. The conditions of last year were sufficiently difficult. Then, as now, almost the whole area of the Empire lay under coercive laws, of varying degrees of stringency; the right of meeting was restricted, if, indeed, it could be said to exist at all; the press was muzzled; outside every polling-booth hung long lists of suspected persons, who were debarred from political rights, and prudent electors of progressive opinions either concealed their views under some colorless label, or passed the interval between the second and third stages of the complicated process of indirect election, in timely journeys, or in hiding. M. Stolypin's system of intervention has been more discriminating than that of M. Durnovo. It has been something more than a mere unthinking application of the traditional repression which the bureaucracy adopted in the past towards every movement of opinion. It rested on some calculations of strategy; it was an attempt to adapt the electoral tactics of a Bismarck or a Bülow to the country of Plehve and Trepoff. The general scheme of repression remained—the various euphemisms which cover martial law, the press censorship, the restriction of public meetings, the drum-head courts-martial, which worked with a celerity and a ruthlessness unequalled in Europe since the French Terror, the machinery of arbitrary arrests, the constant procession of trains of exiles towards Siberia, the menace of the "Black Hundreds," whose function it was, under official patronage and police guidance, to terrorize the progressives of the towns.

But M. Stolypin did not simply make war on the Russian people, as his predecessors had done. He showed himself to be a sort of Liberal, a man of the new order, an apprentice to

Constitutionalism, by making war only on the majority of the people. He invented an ingenious system, by which every political party was required to register itself, and to provide itself with a political "yellow ticket." He accorded the rights of registration, and the status of a legal party, to every shade of opinion, from the "Black Hundreds," whose council of titled reactionaries and anti-semitic priests organized all the secret "pogroms," to the tame Liberals of the "Pacific Regeneration" group. He refused this status to the one party which really had a great popular following, the Cadets (Constitutional Democrats), who formed the majority, and directed the tactics of the late Duma. His object, apparently, was to crush the Cadets between the extreme Left, which knew how to work underground, and the extreme Right, which was allowed to work in daylight. The official element, and the wealthier land-owners, were shepherded in the "Octobrist" group—a party of moderates which originally favored the Zemstvo movement, upholds the Duma as a deliberative assembly, supports M. Stolypin, and wishes to remain within the letter of the Tsar's concessions of October, 1905. For the timider Cadets, M. Stolypin was at pains to keep open the refuge of the cautious but sincere little group of aristocratic Liberals, known as the Party of Pacific Regeneration.

The brunt of the repression fell on the Cadets. The Viborg Manifesto, with its advocacy of passive resistance, alienated their Right wing; its hasty abandonment disgusted the Left. It was followed by a threat of political persecution against all who signed it, and the result was that nearly all of their more distinguished members were disqualified as candidates. They faced the electors a prescribed and divided party, with untried and often



unknown men in its front rank. Printers were forbidden to work for them; their electoral literature had all to be written or typed, and newspapers were suppressed for daring to publish the names of their "ticket" at the primary elections. They were even refused the facility of printed ballot papers accorded to all the "legal" parties—a serious handicap in a country where a large percentage of the electors is illiterate. During the greater part of the period since the dissolution of the first Duma, they could hold no meetings, and even towards the close of the campaign, when a few meetings were tolerated, any criticism of the Government was punished by heavy fines. Some classes of electors were disfranchised in the mass, notably the railway employees; everywhere the registers were revised and "purified," and many of the more prominent Liberal leaders, like Professors Millukoff and Kovalevsky, were disqualified on technical objections, which the Higher Courts quashed too late to allow of their adoption as candidates. The same tactics were, of course, adopted towards the Socialists. But the Socialists of all shades have been long accustomed to work as a persecuted party. They have carried the methods of conspiracy to a high pitch of perfection. Their secret presses, their anonymous committees, the reckless daring of their student allies, who look on the road to Siberia as the path to glory, and of working-men ready to exchange misery for martyrdom, enabled them to work the elections precisely as they would have worked a strike or a military mutiny. The Cadets, a party of professional men, Liberal land-owners, and middle-aged merchants, were handicapped in this competition by their very respectability. Branded as an illegal party, they none the less refused to adopt revolu-

tionary methods, or to make common cause with the Socialists. Their Left wing, it is true, did in many districts form a coalition with the Social Democrats. But Professor Millukoff made bitter speeches about "the red rag," and in Moscow and St. Petersburg Radicals and Socialists quarrelled as hotly as though they had been electioneering in Hamburg or Berlin.

The result of the elections is certainly a crushing defeat for the Government. With all its manipulation of the register, despite the aid of the police, the official parties return to the Duma a feeble minority. The Opposition, be they Polish Nationalists, Cadets, Left Coalition, doctrinaire Social Democrats with rigid German principles, Russian Social Revolutionaries, or peasant members of the Party of Toil, will be united in opposing the bureaucracy, in demanding the resignation of M. Stolypin, and in pushing forward a programme of responsible government, personal liberty, universal suffrage, and compulsory land purchase. The strategy of the Government has resulted in the return of a Duma more extreme, more violent, less homogeneous than the last. But, unhappily, it would be quite premature to say that for that reason it has failed. It may on the contrary have succeeded in creating a Duma which will give it a plausible pretext for a second dissolution, a longer period of arbitrary repression, and a more drastic manipulation of the franchise. The Cadets of the Centre will hardly be what they were a year ago, an imposing majority, entitled to form a commanding and responsible Ministry. The exclusion of nearly all the members who had gained experience in the first Duma may prove in the end as fatal to democracy as was the self-denying ordinance by which the members of the first Constituent Assembly in the French Revolution pledged themselves



to refuse re-election. Mouromtseff, Miliukoff, Vinaver, Kovalevsky, among the Liberals, Plekhanoff, Aladyn, Anakin among the Socialists, are outside this Duma. The new members are untried men who, in most cases, escaped persecution by their obscurity alone, and evaded the political police by posing on the official lists as "moderates," "independents," or "doubtfuls." The Duma is dead; but it has suffered a transformation, and not a resurrection. Russian opinion is quite prepared for its immediate dissolution. It would be more consonant with M. Stolypin's German strategy, to play upon the feuds which divide the Liberal Centre from the Radical and Socialist Left. To legalize the Cadets after reducing their strength, to group them, in return for a few superficial concessions, with the Octobrist Conservatives, and the aristocratic Polish Nationalists against the Socialists of the Left, and then to appeal in Prince Bülow's manner to the middle-classes against the revolution,

*The Nation.*

would be, from his standpoint, an intelligible, and perhaps a promising policy. Even Professor Miliukoff announces that parliamentary government is not a prominent point in the Cadet programme. But we know as yet too little either of the real spirit of the elected Cadets, or of the political wisdom of the Socialists, to predict their power of circumventing M. Stolypin's strategy. The aim of men like Professors Miliukoff and Kovalevsky, is certainly to acclimatize the spirit of English and French democracy in Russia. They are among the ablest political thinkers in Europe, and it must be as clear to them as it is to us, that a progressive party riven by internal feuds can hope at best for the fate of German Liberalism, which has allowed itself by slow stages of compromise, to become the declared enemy of the working-classes, and the tool of the bureaucracy. The real question for the Second Duma is, whether its model shall be the Reichstag or the House of Commons.

## OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

Suppose a man, not color-blind, nor altogether insensible to recent modes of taste, after gazing with dazzled eyes on the sort of set-piece of garden fireworks still sometimes found on terraces in front of large country houses—the stars and crescents of tagetes and lobelia and coleus ranged about a central sun compact of a thousand scarlet geraniums—suppose him suddenly transported to a mossy flagged path between borders of cottager's flowers, white lilies against the dark background of a yew bush, a damask rose leaning across a clump of lavender, pansies straggling over an edging of pinks and daisies—he would in all probability exclaim delightedly in

favor of the old-fashioned flowers. The epithet which he would almost inevitably use is one of those irrational stock phrases which have to suffice for the conveyance of much meaning in the happy-go-lucky businesses of the world. "Old-fashioned," with its detestable variant "old-world," will not stand a minute's analysis. Our latest novelties of six-inch begonias, or mop-headed chrysanthemums, even while they electrify the show-tent, are old-fashioned for those gardeners who shall call our time antique. The simpler, more modest flowers which we are pleased to invest with that half-regretful charm owe their attraction to the gaudier and bolder developments

of our day; it is the geometrical pyrotechny on the front lawn which gives the lilies and pansies of the cottage alleys their distinction of careless and retired grace. We are arbitrary and short-sighted even in the differences which we make; we take for earliest antiques things which our fathers experimented with; there are others from which time seems unable to remove the air of novelty. Within fifty years we have seen the verbena hackneyed almost to extinction, and again beginning to appeal to a new generation as quite a pretty neglected thing, a revival of Paxtonian graces. It is difficult to imagine that any length of time will bring such things as fuchsias or petunias into the same category with violets or pansies, even with stocks or Canterbury Bells. Though "old-fashioned" be an absurd symbol, the class which it expresses is definite enough. A rigid purist would probably confine his list of the order to the older summer-flowering roses—the damasks and mosses, the Provence and Gallica hybrids—the white Queen and the orange lilies, tulips, pansies, violets, wallflowers, Canterbury Bells, pinks, double daisies, hollyhocks, pæonies of the officinalis tribe, poppies, lavender, pot-marigold, flag iris, lupins, and a few whose names are part of their claim to be included—such as Sweet William, Honesty, Heartsease, None-so-pretty, or London Pride; Thrift, Love-in-a-Mist, Love-lies-bleeding. An easier critic might admit sweet peas, China asters, stocks, snapdragon, auriculas, mignonne, some of the mallows, and a few more that stand near the doubtful line. There is a good deal of significance in the names of garden-flowers; some of those given above are classical, and many of them go excellently in verse: gillyflowers and Love-in-idleness (though too many people have the vaguest notions of what they are) have

as much music in them as smell. There are others that will not grow on Parnassus: we shall never learn to scan *Rudbeckia laciniata*, nor *Kniphofia Tucki*, and the fact implies something. A careless observer of the seri studiorum, who nowadays take up gardening with such easy enthusiasm, would probably expect the chosen few to be all hardy "herbaceous" kinds, looking after themselves for half a lifetime without much care from the gardener. As a matter of fact, though with one or two exceptions all those named are quite hardy in average British winters, yet only some half-dozen are real perennials; some, with due care as to dividing and re-planting, are long-lived; some are biennial, the rest merely annual. All are robust and easy to grow—with the sad exception of the white Queen lily and the hollyhock, and, in some grounds, of the tulip, which are threatened with extinction from specific diseases—but it is no part of the old flowers' nature to fend entirely for themselves and to let the gardener off from his charge; the regular practice of an art which conceals itself among the stoutly pushing stems and thickspread leaves is perhaps more needful here than anywhere else, to bring in the human element which distinguishes the garden from the wild.

Few things would better repay intelligent gardeners who have space and the wherewithal than the planting of borders or quarters with the less progressive flowers. In general, the modest proportions and chaste hues of the older race would be an antidote to the exaggerated force and coarser tone of many of the modern strains, and might suggest a philosophic theory of a balance of losses and gains. Amongst roses, set a Madame Plantier against Frau Karl Druschki, and the candid mind will

note how the substance and the emphasis of color are developed at the expense of more recondite qualities, which may be found at the full in the dog-rose of the hedges. The retrospective gardens might be furnished on several different plans; one arrangement might admit only plants enrolled in authentic poetry—let us say (for English soil) from Chaucer to Shelley and Tennyson: the authorizations and rejections would make an instructive collection. Another plot might be a sort of almshouse for obsolescent and vanishing kinds, or might attempt by selection to reproduce the garden of a past period. Necessarily the surroundings should be simple and as much as possible in keeping with the archaic flowers. Straight borders three or four yards wide, beside a walk of rough flagstones or scythe-mown grass, would be best, with as much as is practicable of cottage-garden atmosphere about them, wherein everything by a simple-cunning art looks as though it had grown there by itself for a hundred years. Any attempt at "old-worldliness" in the way of builders' work, topiary art or other devices, is certain to destroy the value of the experiment at once.

In the choice of subjects there is of course room for a considerable range of personal likings and knowledge. One man might include, for instance, the long-spurred hybrid aquilegia, careless of the fact that they are the extremely modern representatives of the old blue, white and murrey-colored columbines which are but a short step from the native form. Another might admit the primitive dahlias with globular quilled heads and exclude the later developments of the "cactus" class, though the ancestor of both only reached England a little more than a century ago. The literary gardening which has of late years become such a well-worked province

has an influence on selections of this kind. When, for instance, a writer like M. Maeterlinck, in the essays<sup>1</sup> recently published in English with the advantage of reproductions in color of some very pretty drawings by Mr. Elgood, discourses upon old-fashioned flowers, the ordinary gardener may be prepared to find the classification a very personal one and rather fitted for fantastic pleasaunces of faëry than for the grudging soil of our material plots. When flowers are made to twitter and lisp, and take the forms of eager carpets or motionless dances, it is small wonder to find the ageratum, the zinnia, even—proh pudor!—the blue lobelia in the class of "old-fashioned flowers" in company with the buttercup and the pansy. The reader who is puzzled to know why the phlox is called "paternal" may guess the solution when he finds the epithet serving as well for a wind-mill, and will understand how an author who in his first essay declares his love for the simplest, the commonest, the oldest and the most antiquated flowers, in the last adores the exhibition chrysanthemum as "the most submissive, the most docile, the most tractable and the most attentive plant of all . . . impregnated through and through with the thought and will of man." That the imaginative handling of garden catalogues has its own dangers our own recent growth of literary hybrids sufficiently shows.

A return to the cultivation of neglected and moribund strains of flowers would be most profitable if it increased in any degree the power to hold the balance between the past and the present, between grace and force, between such hedge-bottom vagrants as the "fast-fading violets covered up

<sup>1</sup> "Old-fashioned Flowers, and other Open-air Essays." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos. With Illustrations by G. S. Elgood. London: George Allen. 1906. 3s. 6d. net.

in leaves" and the Tsars and Wellianas on their eight-inch stalks under the lights of the frame. A habit of

*The Saturday Review.*

discrimination thus encouraged might be often serviceable beyond the garden bounds.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

No time has been lost in pressing the suffragette into the service of fiction. Messrs. Chatto announce "A Suffragette's Love-letters," which is described as "a discreet transcription from the letters of a very sprightly young lady who was swept for a time into the suffragist movement, half against her will."

"An American Girl in India" is the title of a book by Shelland Bradley, author of "The Doings of Berengaria," which will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell. It gives a humorous picture of Anglo-Indian life, and describes the brilliant pageant of Lord Curzon's great Durbar from an American point of view.

Strange as it may appear, no thorough and exhaustive life of Captain Cook has appeared since 1836, although much new information concerning his life and adventures has come to light since then. The "Life and Adventures of Captain Cook, R. N.," by Arthur Kitson, which Mr. John Murray has in the press, is an attempt to fill this gap, and gives a full record of his life, and his active service in the war in Canada in 1759, and of his voyages round the world.

Mr. James Bissett Pratt's "Psychology of Religious Belief" deserves attention because it is something more than a piece of speculative philosophy, being in part a summary of the answers received from persons to whom the author submitted a series of pene-

trating questions. It must be said in defence of his use of this effective but possibly dubious way of obtaining information, that nothing could be more guarded and delicate than his way of using it, and taken with his own speculations it constitutes a remarkable and valuable little book. The Macmillan Company.

Mr. Burdett Coutts announces that he is engaged in writing a life of the Baroness Burdett Coutts. He is not going to pay so much attention to the public aspect of her life, which has received adequate notice in the public press for many years past, as to that of which much remains to be told and more explained. Mr. Burdett Coutts laments that there is no one remaining, no Dickens or Disraeli, who, combining the finest literary art with long and intimate personal knowledge, could give an adequate character-study. He will therefore concentrate his attention on the facts of her life.

Mr. Ellis Barker's "The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands" is intended to be both a history, and a warning to the British statesman and economist, and to that end it carefully analyzes the causes by which the once powerful state of the Netherlands fell from its former position, and descended to its present rank. Also, it is intended as an exposure of certain fallacies as to commercial relations possible and actual, accepted because analogically attractive, but without fundamental support in history or in logic. It is

not a work for the reader in search of pleasure, but for serious-minded students of European policy and politics, and is both written and indexed rather for them than for the seeker after knowledge made easy. The appearance of such a book is a hopeful sign of the growing inclination to prefer careful thinking to combinations of good taste and literary ability. E. P. Dutton & Company.

Mr. John Oxenham, whose work has been more uneven than his most discriminating admirers could wish, has kept at his highest level in his new story, "The Long Road." The book is one of noticeable quality and power, and, in spite of its painful theme, one is constrained to add—charm. Its hero, Stepan Iline, is the son of a household exiled to Irkutsk in Siberia in his childhood, and the narrative follows him through his sturdy youth, his romance and young manhood, till the inevitable encounter with the brutal governor of his province sends him again onto the "long road." Mr. Oxenham improves to the utmost the opportunities for vigorous description and dramatic incident which such a plot offers, and adds with rare art touches of simple, domestic pathos which relieve its grimness while they increase its poignancy. The season will not offer many novels better worth reading. The Macmillan Company.

The jaded reader of historical fiction can scarcely believe his good fortune as he follows chapter after chapter of Ashton Hilliers's story, "Fanshawe of the Fifth," and finds the plot still plausible and not too obvious, the characters still human, and his own interest still unflagging. The period is the end of the eighteenth century; the scene, England; the hero, a younger son, dropped from his regiment through the malice of enemies, working for a

season as a strolling laborer, befriended by a miller of the Friends' connection, and then, through another turn of Fortune's wheel, brought back into the gay life of the day. The coaching, racing, betting and dicing of the time contribute incident; the courts of justice are graphically described; but the most noteworthy feature is the picture of the Quaker household, evidently drawn *con amore*. The story will bear comparison with some of Stanley Weyman's or Conan Doyle's. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Sir Spencer Walpole's "Studies in Biography" is a volume intended to be the complement of the author's "History of England from 1815," although complete in itself. In his larger work, he considered the general course of national history; in these nine essays, he shows that the individual, although undeniably the product of his environment and heredity, may none the less be a potent and permeating and enduring influence. Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Disraeli, Lord Dufferin, Edward Gibbon, Prince Bismarck, Lord Shaftesbury, Napoleon Third, and "Some Decisive Marriages of English History," are his topics, and so impartially has he treated each subject that readers to whom his political associations are unknown will have no small difficulty in divining them from these papers. To those desirous of attaining Gail Hamilton's ideal state of being well smattered they will be precious indeed, for each one is illuminating in its own fields. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mrs. C. W. Earle is a wonderful example of the possibilities of a well spent life. Beginning at sixty years of age to publish the treasures of notebooks including a heterogeneous mass of thoughtful observation and criticism of men, and women, gardens,

books, affairs, abstract morals, history, science, and medical practice, she finds herself now able to make a fourth volume almost equal to her first, as literature, and perhaps more valuable to those seeking for information on certain subjects. Its most impressive trait is its wonderful freshness. The letters bear date within the last year or two, but each reads as if its subject were the topic uppermost in the writer's mind, the one matter of any consequence to her, the one upon which it was of the utmost importance that her correspondent should be informed, and each is commensurately impressive. By way of appendix, Lady Normanby's letters from Paris in 1848, and some interesting notes on the exhibition of 1900 are added and they are interesting in their way and increase the value of a book poured forth from a mind matured through years in which no hour can have been wasted. E. P. Dutton & Co.

As nothing more encourages immorality than the spectacle of successful villainy, the researches which have cleared the character of Richard Third from the monstrous accusations of the Tudors must be regarded as clear gain to civilization, and Sir Clements R. Markham's "Richard III" must be counted as a beneficent modern influence. Richard's cleverness is not disputed, even by Shakespeare, perhaps the most mischievous of his maligners, but when seen as the kind uncle and guardian of the boys whose claim to the crown had been authoritatively denied; as the loyal husband of the gentle maiden who had been his playmate in childhood; as the staunch and true ally of his brother he is revealed as far more able than the popular misconception has made him, and as one of the most memorable of English Kings whose reigns have been comparatively brief. The book is agreeably written,

and so carefully indexed and systematically arranged as to make it an invaluable arsenal of defence for those desirous of satisfying either themselves or others that the last Plantagenet, although not free from the faults of his time, could wear the white rose without any glaring incongruity between his behavior and his cognizance. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Mr. Arthur Symons dedicates his "Studies in Seven Arts" to his wife, in two pages to be attentively and gratefully read by those who find him so coldly intellectual that they cannot believe that his judgment is based upon consideration of a sufficient number of the qualities of human nature. Be it distinctly understood that it makes the author no more agreeable to those who hate the sensual and the sensuous, regarding neither as a proper field for true art, and deprecating the glorification of art based upon them, but it at least shows that the author is not wholly free from the bonds in which the Christian moralist would bind the world. The subjects of the essays are Rodin, Moreau, Watts, Whistler, Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss, Signora Duse, M. Jarry, modern painting and stage managing, the newest symbolism, and the decay of craftsmanship, and each one, whether one like its matter or not, is a masterpiece in manner. But it can hardly be said that the book is powerful. If the subject of a given paper be agreeable one accepts it, but if the subject be unpleasant, the author leaves his reader where he found him, unchanged in temperature and in poise. He injures, therefore, only those in whom he finds temperamental or educated weakness and error, and is harmless and even delightful to others, but that small dedication arouses the hope that a time may come when he will no longer consider any but the noblest subjects. E. P. Dutton & Co.



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